

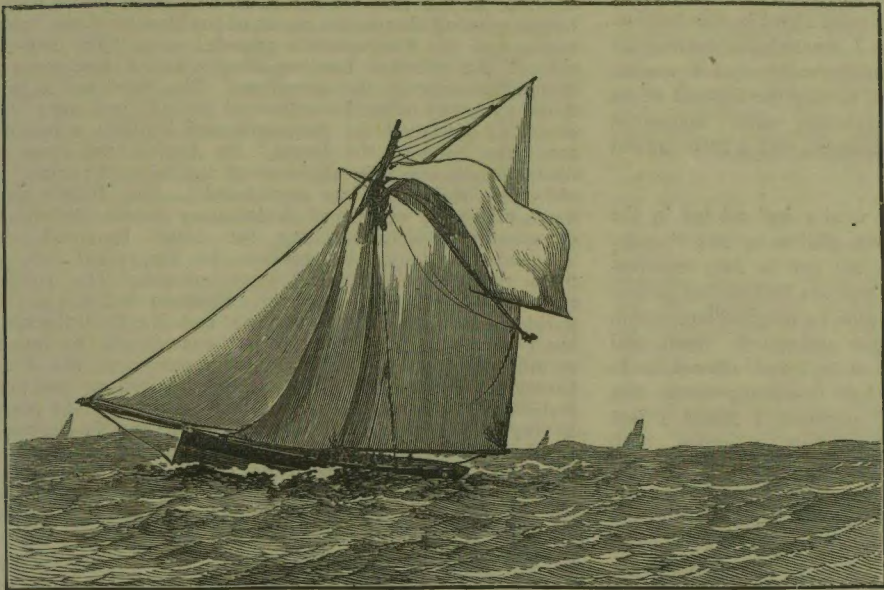
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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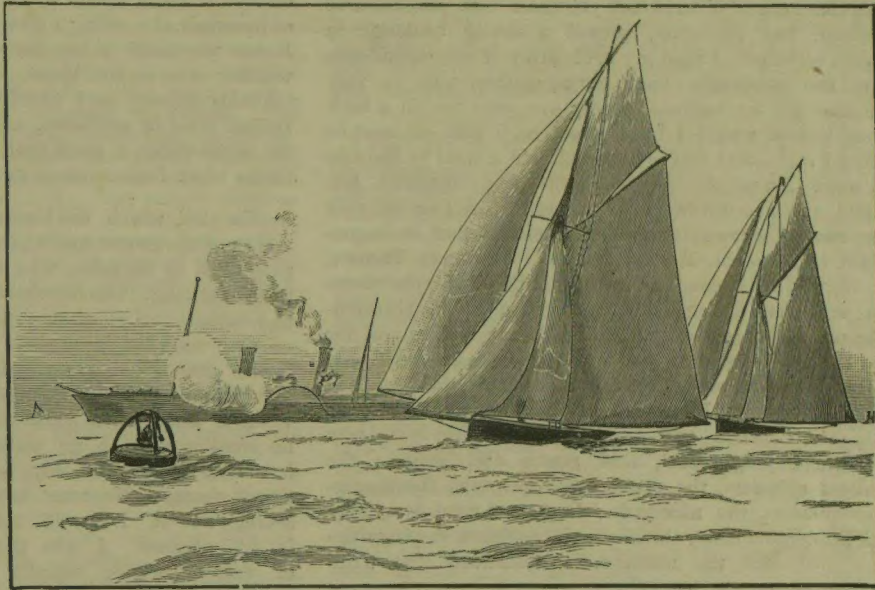
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THE NEPTUNE CARRIES AWAY HER TOPMAST.



PASSING THE MARK-BOAT.



ERYCINA.

GALATEA.

WENDUR.

IREX.

MAY AND MARJORIE.

CHANNEL MATCH OF THE NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB—SOUTHEND TO HARWICH: STARTING FROM SOUTHEND PIER.  
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. EDWARD KENNARD.



## ECHOES FROM ASCOT.

Good-morrow, Ladies and Gentles! I am about, with your permission, to recommence in these columns the "Echoes of the Week." But they will fill, this week, much less than a page. I have plenty of subjects—all neatly posted down on slips of foolscap—on which to discourse. I have a budget of the most surprising paradoxes in store for you. All my well-known verbosity, my fondness for quoting—and usually misquoting—erudite and recondite authorities, and learned languages, which, partly through ignorance and partly through partial blindness, I habitually mis-spell—all these, with the single exception of my impudence and my mendacity, which I reserve for display in those Society papers in which I do not write, will be at the disposal, as of aforetime, of the readers of the "Echoes."

I must, I repeat, be very brief this week, for two reasons: first, although I have got my library of reference in good working order, and a careful parlour-maid has laid in a vast stock of stationery and goose-quill pens; although I have bought me the big "Littre" in four volumes and a supplement, and am sending for the big "Skeat's Dictionary of the English Language," I have not yet come into possession of that which has frequently proved a strong backbone to my feeble verbiage. I need my noble army of correspondents. I want the gentleman from Seringapatam, who is very indignant with me because, twenty-five years ago, in a book the very title of which I have forgotten, I said—at least he says that I said—that Oliver Cromwell had a wart by the side of his nose. I want the lady who writes from Shanklin, Isle of Wight, and who informs me that just before I set out on a journey round the world, she sent me, with a view to its presentation to Mr. John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre, the manuscript of a screaming burlesque, entitled "Sappho versus Phaon; or, Breach of Promise in Ancient Greece," and threatening me, unless I at once return her MS., she will appeal for redress to the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Sitting Magistrate at Bow-street, and the President of the Court of Probate and Matrimonial Causes. I want school-boys and school-girls, the peppery old Colonels and Admirals, the clergymen, now pompous and pragmatical, now gentle and genial; the scandalised spinsters, the sentimental spinsters, the strong-minded spinsters, the nice girls; in fact, I want everybody but the intolerable bores, the idiots, the madmen, the begging-letter scribes, and the unutterable miscreants who write calumnious anonymous letters.

Reason No. Two for the brevity of these Echoes is that on Tuesday, June 8, I took the liberty of going to Ascot Races. Not that I was by any means on pleasure bent. I hate the Turf; I know nothing about horses, from a sporting point of view; and on Tuesday I came away from the Heath immediately the first race was over, drove in a tumble-down fly to the railway station (cost me five shillings), lunched at a small chandlery on some seedy biscuits (two a penny) and a penny bottle of imperial ginger-pop, and made the best of my way to Waterloo, to work until ten o'clock at night.

I had not been to Ascot for full five-and-twenty years, when, residing in a dear old house called Upton Court, near Slough—a weird and ancient mansion, with high-pitched thatched roof and dormer windows—a very antique manor-house of the Tudor period, I should say, with a lake in front and a garden all run to exquisitely picturesque wildness; and a rosery, with eighteen varieties of roses; and a ghost who, in consequence of her services in frightening silly servant-maids out of their wits, had been retained on the establishment for upwards of three hundred years. This apparition—I forget whether she carried her head under one arm or not, but the servants were very particular in declaring that she wore a white night-gown, richly frilled, with a large stain of blood on the left breast—always walked on Friday night. They could hear her, the domestics declared, crunching the gravel of the carriage-drive as she paced round the house; but do such impalpable entities as ghosts wear boots? and if they are bootless, how can they crunch the gravel? My inward belief has always been that the ghost of Upton Court was really the gipsies, who were very fond of the neighbourhood of Slough, and who were partial to stealing the firewood which was stored in my back-yard.

It was in a dog-cart, a brand new dog-cart, with a brand new horse full of action—so full, indeed, that he more than once nearly tipped me out of the back of the vehicle, and the shafts of which he succeeded in shivering ere we reached home again—that we went from Upton Court to Ascot, A.D. 1861. Whether it was the first of the four days of racing or the Cup Day, I'm sure that I forget; but I know that, as I wandered about the course alone and sorrowful on Tuesday last, I asked myself, over and over again, whether it was the same Ascot I was gazing upon, and whether many more things besides myself had changed or vanished, or had had the shadow of a cypress drawn over them? Well, at the first blush, it seemed pretty well the same Ascot. Ladies—young, middle-aged, and old—in ravishing toilettes; betting men—yelling, shrieking, shouting, howling, yelping, and gesticulating till you thought they had got St. Vitus's dance, and with faces so red as to make you think they were suffering from St. Anthony's fire, while they offered with frantic eagerness to lay against everything under the sun "bar one"; barouches and drags, breaks and waggonettes, drawn up in serried ranks, with the horses taken out, and plentiful luncheon boards laid out behind; mountebanks, acrobats, dancers on stilts, gipsies, beggars, tramps, post-boys, female performers on the tambourine; and finally, the Royal procession, in semi-state, driving slowly up the course amidst the cheers of loyal thousands. Yes, to outward appearance, the same Ascot, the same Royal cortège of sober pageantry; the Royal huntsman, the eight open carriages, horsed alternately by bays and greys, the coachmen and postilions in their gorgeous liveries of scarlet and gold. But, looking twice, and narrowly, I perceived

that a change, and a momentous one, had taken place in that regal cavalcade. Unless I am mistaken, in the year when we went from Upton to Ascot, the Royal procession was headed by the Master of the Buckhounds, mounted, and in full gear. Unless I am equally mistaken, on Tuesday last the Earl of Cork was in the Royal Enclosure in mufti. Finally, at the Ascot of '61, unless my memory betrays me, her Majesty the Queen was in the first carriage, and the Prince Consort by her side.

It has always been my earnest desire, ladies and gentles, to be perfectly candid. I err, I blunder, I not unfrequently play the fool, and, for aught I know, I may be fast becoming one, and the worst of all fools—an old one; but I try to tell the truth and to "own up," even when my admissions have to be of the most humiliating order. I travelled down to Ascot strictly on business, and Lord Suffield was so kind as to give me a voucher for the Royal Enclosure; but I have to confess now that, through the merest of accidents, prior to intruding my humble individuality upon the Upper Ten Thousand—the *crème de la crème*, the *fine fleur* of the nobility and gentry in the railed area so jealously guarded by the police and by officials in green plush and gold—I became an itinerant vendor of lemonade at a penny a glass. It came about in this fashion. It was very early in the day when I reached the course; the weather was, as you know, splendidly sultry, and I was intolerably thirsty, as I usually am, having the fag-end of an Indian fever in my bones, and supporting nature mainly on tea, apple-water, a great deal of tobacco, and a little invalid turtle, when I can swallow it.

The stall which the lemonade vendor had set up in the middle of the course, and which I was glad to see was liberally patronised by the police who were not yet on duty, was certainly enticing. His merchandise was not bottled, but he had two buckets full of white powder, and he mingled a quantum of their contents in a glass as you ordered it, "fresh and fresh," and added water, stirred it up, and offered it to you, foaming and sparkling. I had two-pennyworth; but when it came to a question of payment I found I had no smaller coin in my pocket than half-a-crown. The lemonade vendor, the day being yet young, had not sufficient change. He went away to get some small money, asking me if I would mind looking after the stall in his absence. I was glad to do so, and was proud of the confidence reposed in me. I only hope that he did not give a hint to the friendly constables who were loitering about to look after me. The till, which was his pocket, he obviously took with him. I did well during his absence. I took 7d., and gave good measure. The lemonade man was quite delighted with my commercial success; but I regret to say that I could not persuade him, when he had given me my due and proper change, to add thereto a bonus or commission in the shape of an honorary glass of lemonade. He said that "he didn't see it." The varieties of ingratitude are infinite! So I abandoned the trade of refreshment-selling on a small scale. I went down to the Royal Enclosure, and saw gilded youth and painted age, and prettiness in pink crêpe and matronhood in mauve satin, and my Lady Methuselah all ablaze with ribbons, chains, and ruches. I was some three hours at Ascot, and, what with the enclosures, the course, and the stands, I must have looked upon a great company of people. In the course of the afternoon I met and spoke to just three people whom I knew. I think that it was Mr. Yates, of the *World*, who told me that he once went to the Derby and didn't meet a single individual of his acquaintance.

G. A. S.

P.S.—The Echoes next week in real earnest.

Anton Rubinstein has completed his remarkable series of historical pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall, the last of which took place yesterday (Friday) afternoon, this having been an extra (the eighth and farewell) performance. Of this we must speak next week.

The St. Cecilia Society, conducted by Mr. Malcolm-Lawson, gave its seventh concert at Princes' Hall, on Tuesday evening, when the programme included Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" and a miscellaneous selection.

Miss Emelie Lewis gave her annual concert on Monday evening, at Steinway Hall; Madame Dukas gave a concert at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening; Miss Alice Beresford and Mr. Sinclair Dunn gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Wednesday evening; and Signor Di Giambattista gave a *matinée musicale*, under distinguished patronage, on Thursday, at St. James's Hall.

Signor Vittorio Carpi will give his annual concert next Wednesday morning at 19, Harley-street, by permission of Mrs. Morell Mackenzie.

Herr Franke has announced a grand Wagner operatic concert to take place, for his benefit, at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, June 16. The programme comprises extracts from Wagner's "Rienzi," "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and "Parsifal." There will be an augmented Richter orchestra; the solo vocalists will be Madame Valleria, Miss Pauline Cramer, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Herr Henschel—and Dr. Hans Richter will conduct the performances.

The great annual Orchid Show, held under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society, was opened in the Conservatory on Tuesday. The exhibits, which were of unusual merit, were divided into seven classes, all of them being well represented.

On the opening day of the Ascot Meeting, Mr. R. C. Naylor won the Trial Stakes with Toastmaster; Mr. H. T. Fenwick, the Maiden Plate with Phil; Lord Ellesmere, the Ascot Stakes with Belinda; Mr. D. Baird, the Gold Vase with Eird of Freedom; Lord Zetland, the Twenty-ninth Biennial with Panzerschiff; and General Pearson, the Thirty-second Triennial Stakes with Red Ruin. The Duke of Beaufort's Button Park and Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Morgiana colt ran a dead-heat for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. In the decider, Button Park won by a neck.—On Wednesday, the Ascot Biennial fell to Mr. "Childwick's" Saraband; the Visitors' Plate, to Lord Zetland's War Path; the Fern Hill Stakes, to Mr. J. Dawson's Caller Herrin; the Royal Hunt Cup, to Mr. W. Gilbert's Despair, the winner being, however, objected to; and the Ascot Derby, to St. Mirin.

## MUSIC.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

"The Troubadour" was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre on Tuesday evening. The work was commissioned by Mr. Rosa from Mr. Francis Hueffer and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, who were also associated in "Colomba," the opera brought out (likewise at Drury-Lane Theatre) by Mr. Rosa during his season of 1883. "The Troubadour" is in four acts, respectively entitled "The Vintage," "The Hunt," "The Feast," and "Sanh del Trobadour" ("Blood of the Troubadour"). The plot is of the melodramatic kind, turning on the guilty love of Margarida (the wife of Count Raimon) for Guillem De Cabestanh, a celebrated troubadour, who is slain by Count Robert, the lover of the Countess's sister, Azalais, at the instigation of Raimon, and under the impression that Guillem is in love with Azalais. Count Raimon, in his malignant vengeance, proffers his wife a goblet apparently filled with wine, but in reality containing blood of the Troubadour—Sanh del Trobadour, the name of a celebrated vintage of red wine of the period and locality. Margarida drinks, and, on learning the horrible nature of the draught, commits suicide by casting herself headlong from the window. This sombre story is unrelieved by any interest of a lighter kind. It, however, affords some situations of strong dramatic interest, which Mr. MacKenzie has turned to good account in his music. There is no overture, merely a short orchestral prelude leading to the opening chorus. In the first act the most noticeable pieces are the bright opening chorus, the music in the Masque of the Vintage scene, and the Troubadour's graceful song, "The sun-ray's shine." An effective hunting chorus and a fine scena for Margarida occur in the second act. The third act is introduced by a very effective orchestral prelude, and comprises a charming love-duet for Margarida and Guillem, a beautiful air, "The Song of the Dawn," for Azalais, and some very characteristic music in the scene of the "Jeu de paume" (an old game, something like lawn-tennis). The fourth act is brief, consisting chiefly of declamatory music, including a demonstrative drinking-song for Count Raimon. The Troubadour's song, the prelude to the third act, and "The Song of the Dawn" were encored. The performance was excellent throughout. Madame Valleria as Margarida, Miss M. Burton as Azalais, and Mr. B. McGuckin as the Troubadour, did full justice to the music and the dramatic significance of their respective characters; as did Mr. L. Crotty and Mr. B. Foote to those of Count Raimon and Count Robert; the subordinate parts of a peasant girl and a peasant having been efficiently filled by Miss Vadini and Mr. Beaumont.

Mr. Mackenzie's opera is a decided advance on his "Colomba." In his new work, as in its predecessor, the influence of Wagner's style is perceptible—not in imitation, but in observance of the principle of continuity, and the use of reiterated representative phrases. The composer conducted the performance; and he, the author, and the principal artists were called before the curtain. The orchestral and choral details were well rendered; the scenery and costumes are splendid; and Mr. Augustus Harris's stage management is an important feature in the production of the work.

During the past week "Carmen" was given—on the Thursday evening—and was repeated on Monday evening; each time with the fine performance of Madame Marie Roze in the title-character, which retains its attractiveness.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mdlle. Teodorini made her first appearance here on Thursday week as Valentina in "Les Huguenots," an arduous undertaking, considering the many first-rate artists who have sustained the character. The debutante occasionally sang with pathos and dramatic feeling, especially in the great final duet with Raoul, in which she produced a favourable impression. The prevalent use of the tremolo was probably the result of extreme nervousness, and Mdlle. Teodorini's merits may be better estimated after her second appearance. The florid music of Margherita di Valois was rendered with great fluency and refinement by Mdlle. Ella Russell, who quite sustained the favourable impression made by her recent previous appearances here. As Raoul, Signor Gayarre sang with great effect, particularly in the duet-septet and the great final duet. The character of the Page, Urbano, was filled, as often before, by Madame Scalchi, who made her first appearance this season. Signori Pandolfini and D'Andrade were efficient representatives, respectively, of San Bris and the Count di Nevers.

On Saturday "Un Ballo in Maschera" was given (for the first time since 1878), and included the first appearance in England of Mdlle. Giulia Valda, an American lady, who sustained the character of Oscar, the Page. Mdlle. Valda obtained a genuine and deserved success. Her voice is a pure soprano, bright in quality, and under good artistic control. Madame De Cepeda as Amelia, Madame Scalchi as Ulrica, Signor Gayarre as the Duke, Signor D'Andrade as Renato, and others, contributed to an effective performance of the opera.

On Tuesday Mdlle. Ella Russell was to have made her fourth appearance here in the title-character of "Dinorah"; but the opera was changed to "Il Trovatore," in which Mdlle. Valda sustained the character of Leonora, and fully equalled the success of her first performance here. Tuesday's cast included Madame Scalchi, Signor D'Andrade, and Signor Marini.

Mr. Ambrose Austin gave the first of a series of four morning concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, when the fine performances of Madame Adelina Patti in familiar pieces, and the co-operation of other eminent artists, vocal and instrumental, made up a most attractive entertainment. The second concert (also including Madame Patti's appearance) is announced for June 23.

A selection from Gounod's oratorio "Mors et Vita" was given at Westminster Abbey, last week, at a special afternoon service in celebration of Ascension Day, in aid of the fund for the erection of a chapel for Westminster Hospital. The music was impressively rendered, under the direction of Dr. Bridge, with a full orchestra, an augmented choir, and Madame Albani as principal solo vocalist; she having also sung Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Dr. Bridge's setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of the hymn "Rock of Ages" was likewise performed. Dean Bradley officiated, and a large congregation included the Duchess of Albany, the Prime Minister (together with Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Gladstone), and the Archbishop of York.

The sixth Richter concert of the series took place on Monday evening, when the programme was entirely selected from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and "Siegfried." The solo vocalists were Fraulein Maltin, Miss Pauline Cramer, Herr Gudehus, Herr Henschel, and Herr G. Ritter. The performances, conducted by Herr Richter, were of the usual high order. They were announced for repetition on Thursday.

Mr. Kuhe's annual concert at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon was of the usual varied and attractive character. His own clever pianoforte playing, and performances by Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, and other eminent artists made up an agreeable entertainment.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The lion of this season is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Everybody wants to see him, and more engagements are pressed upon him than he can possibly accept. The Princess has smiled on him; the Prince has had a long talk with him; and people of every grade of social or intellectual eminence have thronged around him to touch his hand. It must be a pleasant experience to him; for his books are full of a delightful egotism, and that powerful sympathetic personality must needs gladly receive such a shower of individual homages.

To those to whom his personality, as revealed in his works, has been attractive, his real presence is charming beyond expression; for he is just like his books. Small of stature he is, but erect and alert, with brilliant gaze undimmed; with the clean-shaven, clear-cut physician's mouth, kindly at the corners and mobile of upper lip, yet firm in outline; just a little whisker shading the cheek against the hair, now almost white; a brow rather broad than high, with the bumpy ridge of perception above the brow, and a full even development at the summit. Such is, as far as words can depict it, the aspect of the Autocrat. It is eminently satisfactory to those who have long admired him with little more expectation of ever seeing him than of seeing Shakespeare, or Fielding, or Shelley. The flashing wit, the insight into the human heart, the tender sympathy with sorrow, the kindly badinage of weaknesses, the keen observation of fact, the extensive knowledge—the tokens of all are in face and figure. There was never a man who wrote who understood woman and who felt for women like this one; perhaps because there was never a physician, with all the special knowledge that that implies, gifted like Dr. Holmes, either in power of seeing into the palpitating hearts of his fellows or in utterance of the truths that he saw. But in himself there are feminine elements; as there must be in all men of finer fibre than the majority. His nervous system is obviously highly strung, his mental tactile perceptiveness has plainly that acuteness which is so rare an endowment in men, so comparatively common in women. But it is needless to multiply words: Oliver Wendell Holmes looks just as the Autocrat, Poet, and Professor ought to look.

I had the honour of being present at the reception which Dr. Holmes and his daughter, Mrs. Sargent, held last week, at Dr. Priestley's house in Hertford-street. A great throng of notabilities went. The Bishop of Gloucester, in a plum-coloured coat, and with buckles on his shoes, was one of the first persons whom I noticed. Then Sir Theodore Martin, talking to Mr. Robert Browning; and Sir Frederick Bramwell, the great engineer, towering above everybody else in the room except Mr. Oscar Wilde. Mrs. Lynn Linton, looking with clear eyes through her spectacles, was attired in black silk, with jetted lace sleeves, plastron, and tablier. Miss Anna Swanwick, the translator of *Æschylus*, a lady who had the courage to be learned in bygone days, when knowledge was still made a reproach rather than a glory in our sex, was unobtrusively dressed in black. Black, with a white lace cap, was worn by Lady Arthur Russell; and black silk, exquisitely fitting and much trimmed with black lace, was worn by Mrs. Augustus Harris. Black, too, was the chosen wear of the usual hostess of the mansion, Mrs. Priestley. Fine diamonds lighted up the costume of these last-named ladies. The Dowager Viscountess Galway (the sister of the late Lord Houghton, the poet) was likewise in black net and silk, with a flat cap of net edged with a ruche of the same on her head, and a remarkably fine parure of diamonds.

Talking of diamonds recalls the Countess of Rosebery to my memory, who had on a magnificent display of those blazing gems. Her dress was of grey satin, opening at the left side over a panel of ruby and pink striped satin, and finished at the bust with a berthe of ruby velvet. A large spray and aigrette of brilliants on the hair; a collet necklace, with a big pendant headed by a Countess's coronet all in diamonds; a châtelaine at her left side of large stones, from which hung a watch, the case completely crusted with brilliants, and surmounted by another miniature coronet; a coronet and monogram on the tortoiseshell sticks of a pink feather fan—this is only a portion of the catalogue of the ornaments which made Lady Rosebery shine like the sun at mid-day. A very rich dress was worn by Mrs. Rae, the wife of Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer; it was a plain polonaise of gold brocade on a white ground, with a pink satin train. Another rich dress was worn by Mrs. Chalmers: the drapery was of a black gauzy material, with an epaulette extending over each shoulder and down the arm nearly to the elbow of a rich embroidery of gold thread and variegated beads. Mrs. Pfeiffer had a Greek drapery of black satin, embroidered with white silk; Miss Muller wore pink silk; and Miss Alma Tadema a dress of alternate stripes of dark and light grey silk; Mrs. Leslie Stephen black silk, with a panel of red and white brocade; and Mrs. Oscar Wilde had a becoming dress, in Josephine style, of white lace.

There has been a fashionable bazaar held on behalf of the People's Palace in East London. The patronage of the Queen has ensured aristocratic favour for this scheme; but the bazaar was by no means well attended, perhaps for the same reason which has checked the flow of subscriptions—viz., the indignation of the propertied classes over the recent Socialist riot. The stalls were all that could be desired. A novelty was a bonnet-stall, where some rather pretty things were shown, including some of the green split-rush hats, which are becoming so fashionable. A very pretty one, with a high crown, was trimmed with bows of green ribbon, intermingled with up-standing ears of green oats. Another new sort of stall was covered entirely with fancy glass articles; while the Hon. Mrs. Brassey did a good trade in live animals.

The Marchioness of Abergavenny and her daughters had charge of the flower-stall. The Marchioness wore black velvet, elaborately made with a panel of frise brocade, and another panel covered with jet butterflies, with plain velvet down the exact back and front. Her bonnet strings were fastened with an enamelled primrose brooch. Lady C. Gathorne Hardy wore black canvas, the drapery edged with Chantilly lace and jet dangles. Lady E. Churchill wore a black satin dress with very high wing-like back drapery, and a plastron of finely pleated white tulle. Lady Walter Campbell wore a black watered silk bodice and sash drapery over a black lace skirt, and yellow ribbons on a black lace bonnet. The Hon. Mrs. Brassey and her children also wore white watered silk bodices and sashes over embroidered muslin skirts.

It may be useful at this busy social season to some of my readers to know that the Society for the Employment of Women, in Berners-street, keeps a register of waitresses who go out by the evening, either to afternoon teas, dinners, or suppers. These are nearly all married women who were parlour-maids before marriage, and who have thoroughly good characters. They are able to carve as well as to wait at table. Such a registry is a happy thought, being often a great convenience to employers as well as an assistance to the women. The lot of a respectable servant who marries a poor man is deserving of some sympathy. The poor things go from comfort—nay, from luxury and refinement—to live in poverty and squalor. It is very foolish of them to do so; but 'tis love that makes the world go round; and they deserve any little aid that can be given them to alleviate their position. F. F. M.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent)

PARIS, Tuesday, June 8.

A deeply rooted superstition perpetuates the belief that if Saint Médard is rainy the following six weeks will be rainy, unless perchance Saint Barnabé, whose fête falls next Friday, succeeds in breaking the series and restoring blue sky and sunshine. For now nearly a week rain has been falling at Paris with a persistency rarely witnessed in this latitude. Everybody is marvelling, and some credulous souls begin to think that the end of the world is coming, preceded by a second deluge. Owing to the torrents of rain, the Grand Prix week has proved a complete fiasco, and all the fêtes connected with that event were naturally failures. Mr. Vyner's Minting won the race in drizzling rain; M. Michel Ephrussi's Polyucts came in second, and Baron De Shickler's Sycamore third. And the public? Ah, the Grand Prix is a great event in the life of Paris, and no disturbance of the elements would prevent the Parisians from going to see the contest. But, of course, there were not so many people there as usual, and there was consequently a great diminution in the gate-money, which amounted to 229,000 francs only, as compared with 309,000 francs in 1885. The livery stables, the restaurants, and all the balls and other places of amusement suffered immensely. The Jardin de Paris, for instance, which took 22,000 francs last year, took only 350 francs this year. The receipts of the restaurant Ledoyen were 5000 francs last Sunday, as compared with 15,000 francs on the Grand Prix day in 1885. The rain, it has been calculated, caused the various industries connected with the Grand Prix to lose on Sunday alone at least a million francs. Now the great event is over; and the society people feel free to abandon the capital. The fashionable exodus will begin this week. The season is at an end.

The question of the expulsion of the Princes is rapidly becoming a comedy. The Parliamentary Commission undoes one day what it did the previous day; and nobody seems to know whether there is a majority or not. One must be prepared for surprises, the more so as the question is not one that interests the country, but simply the outcome of a political intrigue connected with M. De Freycinet's future candidature for the Presidency of the Republic. M. De Freycinet, by patronising this bill of expulsion, is fulfilling a bargain made with M. Clémenceau and the Extreme Left. Prince Napoleon published yesterday an excellent protest against the expulsion bill. "I am neither Prince nor Pretender," says Prince Napoleon, "but simply citizen of a democratic and equalitarian Republic. The Republic recognised my quality of citizen in obliging my sons to serve in the army, and by imprisoning me when I published a manifesto. The people recognised my quality of citizen by electing me deputy, and the Chamber by validating my election. I submit to the laws; I express my opinions just as M. Rochefort expresses his; I defy you to prove that I am conspiring. The fact that the Comte de Paris received his friends with ostentation on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter does not convert me into a pretender." Prince Napoleon tells the Republicans some wholesome truths about the dangers of prescription and of exceptional measures. The implied conclusion of his argument is that this expulsion of the Princes is simply absurd, and he is not the only Frenchman who holds that opinion.

Last night, at the Nouveau Cirque, a company of amateurs gave a performance, under the patronage of the Duchesse d'Uzès, for the benefit of the charity called *Hospitalité de la Nuit*, or Night Refugees. All the smart people were present, and the receipts amounted to 40,000f. The amateurs, headed by M. Molier, executed all the usual circus feats, and the acrobat who performed on the trapeze was the Comte Hubert de la Rochefoucauld, a descendant of the author of "The Maxims."

M. Faure, the great singer, has just published his long-expected "Méthode de Chant." M. Faure's method is very liberal; he imposes absolutely no single system, but rather relates his impressions, his experience, and his souvenirs, at the same time discussing every practical point and every difficult one that the art of singing presents.

M. le Duc De Noailles, of the Académie Française, has published the first volume of an examination of the Constitution of the United States, under the title of "Cent Ans de République aux Etats Unis" (Calmann Lévy). M. De Noailles' work is more modern than that of De Tocqueville, and studies the actual state of America. The study, however, is purely theoretical; for M. De Noailles has never visited the United States, and he can tell us nothing about the nature and quality of American men, which is the essential thing to know. We are still waiting for a book on America like M. Taine's "Notes on England."

T. C.

The lava stream from Etna towards Nicolosi has ceased flowing, and is now hard enough to be walked upon. Shocks of earthquake continue to be felt throughout the region.

M. Morel (Radical) has been elected President of the Swiss National Council, and M. Zemp (Ultramontane) Vice-President.

The Emperor of Germany, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar dined, on the 4th inst., with the Russian Ambassador, Count Paul Shouvaloff.

The King of Denmark left Copenhagen on Sunday for Wiesbaden, to take the waters.

The representatives of the Powers have formally informed the Hellenic Government that the blockade has been raised.

President Cleveland and his bride left Washington after their marriage and wedding supper to spend a brief honeymoon in a cottage at Deer Park, Maryland. President Cleveland received the following telegram from Queen Victoria, at Balmoral:—"Pray accept my sincere congratulations on your marriage, and my best wishes for your happiness.—Victoria."—The United States Senate has unanimously passed the bill for preventing aliens from acquiring lands in any territories belonging to the United States Government.—Herr Most has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, the full penalty of the law. In passing sentence the Judge said that Most was the greatest scoundrel he had ever had before him. Several more Anarchists have been indicted at Chicago and Milwaukee in connection with the recent Socialist riots.—The trial of Brooks, alias Maxwell, for the murder of Mr. Preller, was concluded on the 14th inst., the prisoner being found guilty of murder in the first degree.

The Peruvian National Assembly met on the 3rd inst. General Caceres was elected President, and Señores Bermudez and Denegri first and second Vice-Presidents respectively.

Sir Thomas M. Ilwraith has resigned his seat for Mulgrave in the Queensland Legislative Assembly, and has retired from political life.

The tenant farmers and graziers on the Duke of Bedford's Devonshire, Cornwall, and Dorsetshire estates have received notice of a reduction of 15 per cent on the half-year's rent due at Lady Day last; Lord Devon has agreed to abate 20 per cent on the half-year's rent due on Sept. 20, providing that half of it be paid on or before June 10, and the balance on or before Aug. 20; and Lord Scarsdale has returned 15 per cent of his rents upon his Kedleston estate.

## OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON.

The annual Channel race of the New Thames Yacht Club was sailed on Saturday, the course being from Southend to Harwich, for yachts of any rig or class (A, B, or C, the new classification by sail area), exceeding nine tons. First prize, £50; second prize, £25; third prize, £15; time allowances for fifty miles. The following yachts started:—Galatea, A class, cutter rig, 90 tons, sails as 360, Lieutenant Henn, R.N., owner; Irex, A. cutter, 85, 340, Mr. J. Jameson; Marjorie, A. cutter, 68, 272, Mr. J. Coats; Queen Mab, cutter, 10, Mr. T. C. B. West; Wendur, yawl, 125, Mr. H. R. Laing; Erycina, cutter, 90, Mr. A. Penn; Arethusa, cutter, 54, Mr. R. Stuart Lane; Neptune, cutter, 46, Mr. W. G. Goff; May, cutter, 40, Mr. J. Duncuft; Annasona, cutter, 40, Mr. W. Byrne Jones. At half-past nine a good start was effected, the wind, about north-east, blowing fresh. All yachts had second topsails set except Neptune, which carried a jackyarder. It was a dead heat to the West Rocks buoy, which favoured the large A class boats; and these soon went a long way ahead, followed by May and Neptune, the former improving her position as the wind increased, till about opposite the Gunfleet she was nearly a mile to windward when the Neptune lost her topmast. About the same time Galatea broke her bobstay, and had eventually to give up the race. After passing the West Rocks buoy it was a reach to the Cock Light-ship, with a run in to the mark-boat, and here the Wendur, sailing wonderfully fast, improved her position, so that the race ended—Irex, 5 h. 9 min. 16 sec.; Marjorie, 5 h. 17 min. 9 sec.; May, 5 h. 59 min. 17 sec.; Wendur, 5 h. 59 min. 50 sec. The other yachts were not timed. Irex took first prize, £50; Marjorie, second, £25; May, third, £15. Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Edward Kennard.

## TORPEDO PRACTICE AT PORTSMOUTH.

On Saturday, a large party of members of Parliament, naval and military officers, and other gentlemen, headed by Lord Charles Beresford, went to Portsmouth, on purpose to see a series of operations showing the employment of torpedoes and submarine mines in maritime warfare. They were received at the dockyard by Captain J. A. Fisher, R.N., C.B., and were conveyed on the rails to Whale Island, nearly opposite Porchester Castle. Some ground there is now used for drilling and manœuvring purposes, and commodious drill-sheds have been built. About a mile away from the western side of the island were moored half-a-dozen gun-boats and torpedo-boats in line, and 500 yards from the beach eight pinnaces, crowded with blue-jackets, lay on their oars. The first event in the day's programme was a landing from boats, under cover of the guns, followed by skirmishing. The attacking and defending forces, about 1000 all told, were composed of seamen from the gunnery-ship *Excellent*. The defenders had laid down a field of small gun-cotton mines about 200 yards from the shore, and were to repel the attack with carbines and seven-pounders, having the support of one of those armoured trains with which Captain Fisher assisted the British military forces near Alexandria; which kept hovering in the rear, ready to deliver a galling fire at the proper moment. As the successful explosion of the submarine mine would have checked the operations at the outset, the boats were suffered to approach the beach without disaster, the explosion being so timed as to be harmless in its results. The attacking force jumped ashore, and formed instantaneously, while the main body were landing their four nine-pounders from the boats, and dragging them up the steep side of the island. A sharp conflict ensued; and the defending force was compelled at length to quit the island, crossing the waterway by the narrow railway viaduct. After witnessing these manœuvres, the visitors went on board H.M.S. *Collingwood*, to inspect the scene of the recent bursting of her forty-three ton gun; and several other ships in the dockyard basins were examined. There was luncheon at the Royal Naval College. They next embarked in two dockyard tugs at the South Jetty, and went to see a few torpedo experiments at Porchester Creek. Here, first, the process of attacking ships by means of outrigger torpedoes from small steam-launches was illustrated, and then the accuracy of discharge obtainable from a Whitehead torpedo, fired from a tube on board a first-class torpedo-boat. The projectile missed the mark flag by only a yard or so. Whitehead torpedoes were also discharged from second-class torpedo-boats, and the process by which a passage is forced through hostile submarine mines was shown. Then a submarine, covering a considerable area, was exploded, the great upheaval of water, resembling a large fountain or waterspout, making this one of the most striking experiments. Hand charges of gun-cotton were also fired from the launches; and, as soon as the fish-torpedoes and buoys had been recovered, the tugs steamed out towards Spithead, attended by the flotilla of gun-boats. Some distance off the Spit Fort lay the great turret-ship *Colossus*, a detailed inspection of which brought the day's programme to a close.

Sir Saml Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer *Energia*, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in April last.

An important water-colour drawing, about 8 in. by 6 in., has been acquired by the trustees of the British Museum. It is the work of Rossetti, and is entitled "On the Sands." It was executed in 1860.

Last month the officers of the Fishmonger's Company seized at and near Billingsgate Market 11 tons of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity 34 tons came by land and 37 tons by water; 33 tons were wet fish, and 38 tons shell fish. The total weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate during the month was 13,978 tons, of which 9165 tons came by land, and 4813 tons by water.

The Bath Lawn-Tennis Tournament, held last week, was very successful. Yesterday week several finals were played off in charming weather, and in the presence of a large company. The Gentlemen's Single-handed Championship of the West of England was won by Mr. J. Dwight, of Boston, U.S.A., beating Mr. H. Grove, Oxford University. Miss L. Dod (fifteen years old), of Rockferry and Waterloo L.T.C., was victorious over Miss Maud Watson, lady champion of England, in the final for the Ladies' Single-handed Championship of West of England. The Gentlemen's Doubles Match was won by Mr. W. Renshaw, English champion, and Mr. E. De S. Browne, Fitzwilliam L.T.C., who had for their opponents Mr. Grove and Mr. Dwight. The Gentlemen Veterans' doubles was won by Captain Taylor. Mr. E. Meyricke, Cheltenham, won the Veterans' Single-handed. Mr. J. Baldwin won the Gentlemen's Local Championship. Miss Pope carried off the Ladies' Local Championship. Miss L. Dod and Miss Dod won the Ladies' Doubles, defeating Miss Maud Watson, lady champion, and Miss Watson. The Lady and Gentleman Doubles fell to Mr. Renshaw and Miss Bracewell, Southport, who beat Mr. Dwight, Boston, United States, and Miss Bingley, Twickenham. The Scratch Pairs were won by Miss Carpenter and Mr. Milton. The prizes were given away by Mrs. Blaine, wife of Mr. Blaine, M.P., and a presentation was made to Mr. Bagnall Wild, the honorary secretary.



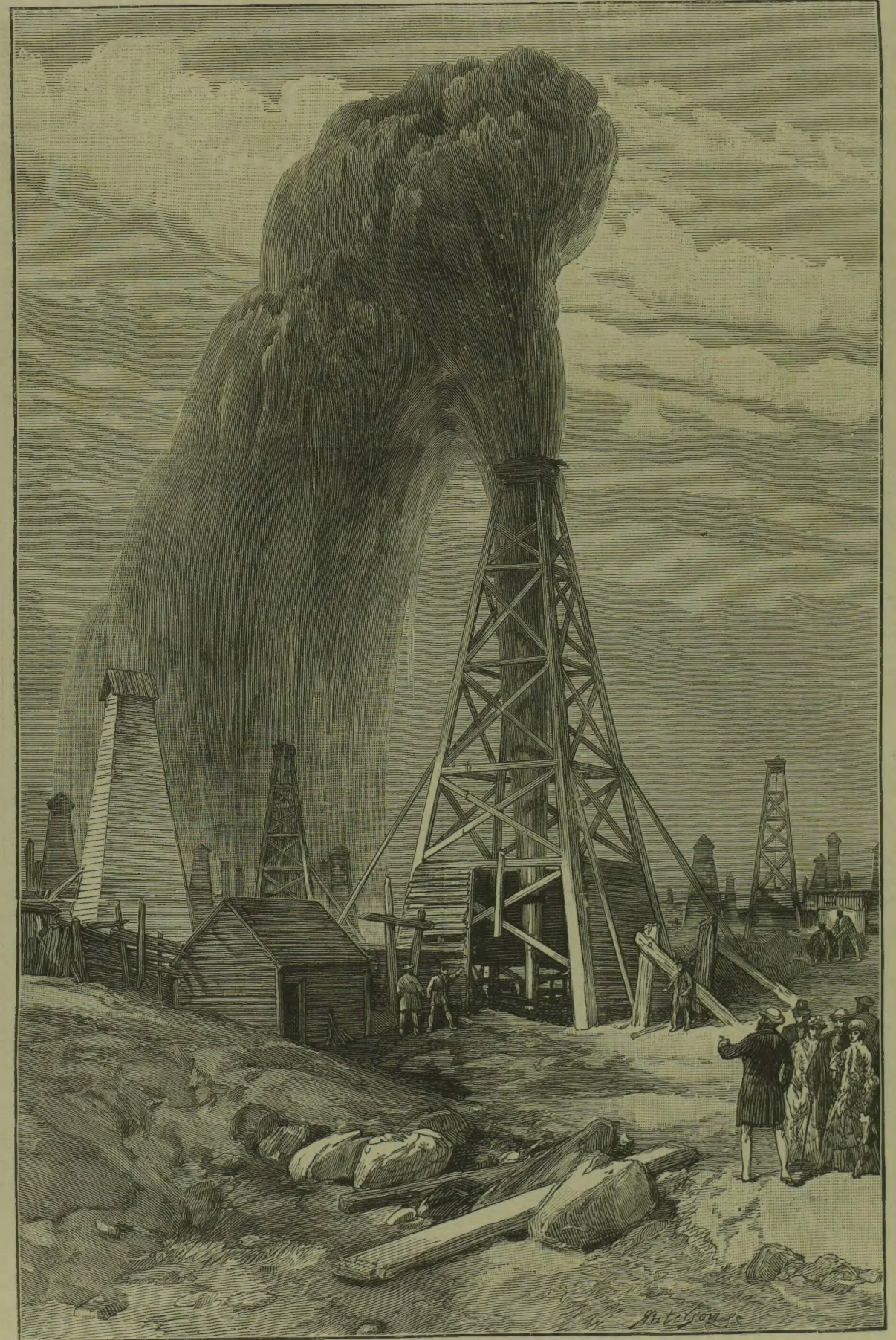


TORPEDO PRACTICE AT PORTSMOUTH: GUN-COTTON MINES EXPLODED IN FRONT OF THE ATTACKING BOATS AT WHALE ISLAND.





BORING A PETROLEUM OIL WELL.



A FOUNTAIN OF PETROLEUM OIL.



THE PETROLEUM OIL-WELLS OF BAKU.

(By our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson: Continued.)

The great production of wealth through the petroleum industry, and its influence on the development of trade in the countries round the Caspian Sea, have become a subject of interest at the present day. The connection of this development with Russia's recent advances into Central Asia, and her possible future policy in regard to Afghanistan and India, although profoundly important, need not here be referred to, as the object of this notice is only to give a sketch of Baku in its new position of activity and progress.

I described last week the great establishment of Messrs. Nobel Brothers, at Balakhani, adjacent to Baku, and the operations conducted there, which I was permitted to inspect by the kindness of Mr. Gustav Tornudd, the manager, and of Mr. Charles Nobel. The boring of oil-wells, the pumping, refining, and other processes, are not the only task which the petroleum industry of Baku has to carry out. The transport of the article to the consumer has also to be accomplished. It is known that for many centuries past there has been more or less trade in naphtha with Persia and other neighbouring regions. The great problem was to get the oil into Russia, and send it into all the principal towns of that widely extended country. The distant position of Baku made this a most difficult undertaking. The oil has first to be sent in steamers to Astrakhan; but at the mouth of the Volga, owing to its shallow water, a transshipment into barges has to take place. Some of the oil is sent on by the river, but the greater part is transported by railway. Trucks of a peculiar form have been made for this purpose, and they are now to be seen at all the principal railway stations of Russia. Messrs. Nobel Brothers, who have brought all the science of Europe, as well as the experience of the Americans, to bear on the manufacture of the oil, have also carried their ability and energy into the organisation of transport. They have a splendid fleet of iron screw-steamers, fitted up with tanks, which carry the oil to the Volga, with barges carrying it on to Tzaritsin. At this town they have a large depot, from which they send the oil by rail to depôts in all the principal towns. By these means they now supply the whole of Russia, and the American oil has been entirely driven from that country. They have begun to extend the supply into Germany; and it may be looked upon as only a question of time when great part of Europe will receive its petroleum from Baku. Among many projects connected with this new industry is the proposal to lay a pipe, to act like a syphon, from Baku to the Black Sea, and thus to deliver the oil at Poti or Batoum, and by steamers thence to carry it not only over the Black Sea, but over the Mediterranean. The cost of such a pipe-line would be great, for the distance is over 500 miles; so, at present, it is only talked about; but, if the supply of petroleum at Baku continues in undiminished quantities, this is likely to become an accomplished fact at no distant date.

It is impossible here to give all the details, which will be found in Mr. Marvin's book "The Region of Fire," as to the petroleum trade and its statistics; he shows the vast jump it has lately made by stating that in 1872 the refined petroleum made at Baku was 16,400 tons, and that in 1883 it was 205,000 tons. It was lately announced that, by order of the Russian Government, a congress would meet at Baku to discuss the following among other questions connected with the petroleum trade—namely, measures to further the foreign trade of Russia, exemption from duty of articles required for the utilization of petroleum products, improvements in Batoum harbour to facilitate the shipping of petroleum, scientific and technical appliances used in the production and preparation of petroleum, and the framing of standard rules for the petroleum trade. I think it possible that those interested in the Russian petroleum trade, whether as shippers or purchasers, will be glad to be informed of the results of the congress.

I have given you an illustration of the apparatus used on board the Caspian steam-boats, for the consumption of petroleum oil as fuel to heat the steam-boiler. The oil is brought to the furnace by one pipe, from a tank, while another pipe brings steam from the boiler: the oil is poured into the blast of high-pressure steam, and is thereby pulverised, or blown into minute particles, which become a sheet of flame underneath the boiler. Mr. Marvin's book contains a whole chapter on this subject, where the history of the invention is given, and the rival claims of Aydon, an Englishman, of Shpakovsky, a Russian, of Deville, a Frenchman, and of Gospodin Lentz—who were all connected with it—are stated and discussed. Although difficult at first, the invention seems a simple affair now, and there are various forms of the apparatus at present in practice, but they all go upon the principle of pulverising the oil by the steam. If a sufficient supply of this fuel could be procured for our ocean-going steamers, many advantages would be derived from it. Among these may be noticed that it occupies less bulk than coal; a ton of *astathi*—the Russian name, which means "dregs"—is equal to about two tons of coal; but on the Caspian a ton of *astathi* is about thirty or forty times cheaper than the ton of coal. The furnaces burning this material require no stoking, thus saving hands; to vessels going through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and in all tropical seas, this would end the well-known horrors of the stoke-hole. The disagreeable process, more particularly to passenger-ships, of "coaling" would be done away with; and, of course, there are no ashes to raise and throw overboard. In proper tanks it is perfectly safe—even safer than coal, the dangers of which we have had experience of not long since. It would thus be cheaper than coal, safer, and its use would be conducive to the comfort of passengers and all on board ship.

COLONIAL and INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN. Executive President of the Royal Commission—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G. Illustration of the Products and Resources of the British Empire. OPEN DAILY from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m. On Wednesdays and Saturdays open till Eleven p.m. Admission, 1s. Daily; Wednesdays, 2s. 6d. Military Bands and Illuminated Fountains and Gardens Daily, and occasional Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS, 1886.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

ON WHIT MONDAY, JUNE 14, THE

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will inaugurate their Twenty-first SUMMER SEASON with AN ENTIRELY NEW and MOST ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

NEW REPERTOIRE OF ORIGINAL and BEAUTIFUL SONGS, and an entirely

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SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCES of the new programme on

WHIT MONDAY AFTERNOON at Three

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Galleries, 1s.; Afters, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Fronts, 5s. No fees. No charge for programmes. Tickets and places can be secured by post, or at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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Ready JUNE 21, will contain a deeply interesting Story,

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With the Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for July 3, 1886 (the first of a New Volume) will begin an Original Story, entitled "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT. Illustrated by A. Forestier.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON.

BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS for distances over ten miles.

EXTRA TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Classes) from London on Saturday, June 12; returning the following Monday and Tuesday.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.—Leaving

London Bridge 8.45 a.m. and 8 p.m., Victoria 8.40 a.m. and 7.50 p.m., and Kensington 8.25 a.m. and 7.15 p.m., Saturday, June 12; returning from Paris any day up to and including June 23. Fares: First Class, 38s.; Second Class, 25s.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—CHEAP TRAINS.

Saturday, June 12, to Havant and Portsmouth from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 2.50 p.m.; and Kensington 12.45 p.m.; returning the following Tuesday.

WHIT SUNDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge 8 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth; returning same day.

WHIT MONDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge and Victoria 8.40 a.m., Kensington 8.25 a.m., to Havant and Portsmouth. Returning same day. Fares there and back, Portsmouth Town and Havant, 7s. 6d., 5s.; Portsmouth Harbour, 8s., 5s., 6d. For Isle of Wight connections, and through Cheap Fares to Ryde, Cowes, Ventnor, and Isle of Wight Railway Stations, see Handbills.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.—A CHEAP TRAIN

on Whit Sunday from London Bridge 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

WHIT MONDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge 7.45 a.m.; from Victoria 7.35 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare, there and back, 5s.

EASTBOURNE AND LEWES.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS

on Whit Sunday and Monday from London Bridge, calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction. Fares, there and back: Eastbourne, 5s.; Lewes, 4s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL

CHEAP TRAINS SATURDAY, June 12, from Victoria 2.20 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.20 p.m., calling at New Cross and East Croydon. Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 6.5 p.m., 6.20 p.m., and 7.5 p.m. Trains. Fare, 2s. 6d. and 5s.

EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAINS from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday from London Bridge direct, and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Fare, there and back, 4s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS

DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Handbills, to be obtained

at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF

MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity. The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

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on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year. MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

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Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

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completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

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HER MAJESTY'S DRAWINGROOM. Painted by

F. SARGENT.—Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS beg to announce the exhibition of this magnificent Picture, containing 130 Portraits, painted from special sittings for the occasion, of the Royal Family, Leaders of Society, and others, at the NEW GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

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Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS beg to announce the Exhibition of the Second Series of over 1000 ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS CARDS, Designs, Studies, &c., by J. R. Herbert, R.A.; F. W. Yeames, R.A.; J. E. Hodgson, R.A.; &c., in connection with the above. No extra charge for admission.

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give Notice that they will sell by AUCTION, at their Great Rooms, 8, King-street, St. James's, on SATURDAY, JUNE 26, and following Days, by order of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, the BLENHEIM GALLERY of PICTURES by Old Masters, including Travellers at an Inn, by A. Cuyp; The Madonna and Child, and Mrs. Morton, Lady Killigrew, and several other fine Portraits by Van Dyck; two Landscapes by Van Der Neer; The Woman Taken in Adultery and Isaac Blessing Jacob, by Rembrandt; Venus and Cupid Restraining Adonis from the Chase; Portrait of Anne of Austria, The Adoration of the Magi, The Return of the Holy Family, and numerous other important works of Rubens; and works of Breughel, Jordans, Ruyssdael, Snijders, J. B. Weenix, &c.; the series of 120 copies by D. Teniers of the Pictures in the Archduke Leopold William's Gallery. The Italian Pictures include the celebrated Madonna Colia Stella, by Carlo Dolce, engraved by Mandel; St. Nicholas of Bari, by Titian; and works of Albertinelli, Bonifacio, Carracci, L. Giordano, Tintoretto, M. Venusti, P. Veronese; also works of Claude, Lancret, Pater, Poussin, Watteau; interesting Portraits by Barocci, Dobson, Gainsborough, Geerhards, Holbein, Honthorst, Kneller, Lely, Mignard, Mireveldt, Pantoja, Reynolds, Rigaud, Van Somer, Titian, and P. Veronese; and the Collection of Oriental Porcelain and Miniatures.—Catalogues may shortly be had, price 1s. each; or 1s. 3d., by post, on application.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT,

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TODAY (SATURDAY), FAUST, at TWO O'CLOCK, and

SATURDAYS, JUNE 19, and 26, at Two o'Clock. On these SATURDAYS, JUNE 12, 19, 26, the Theatre will be closed at Night.

HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL

and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Messrs. Dacre, Barrymore, Tree, Sadgen, &c.; Miss Helen Layton, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked one month in advance, from Ten till Five. No fees.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The arrival of America to theatrical London has been quickly followed by the advent of France. It is a season of welcome, and we only require an Indian opera or an Australian melo-drama to complete the schemes of international and colonial festivities. Where are the nautch-girls and the trained kangaroos? Burmese families are starring in Piccadilly, and London's cup of enjoyment will not be full without the wild man of the woods! No more welcome face could have been seen on the boards of a London theatre than that of Jane Hading, one of the most sympathetic and charming of living actresses. I have seen no artist of her peculiarly sensitive and refined nature since Desclée died, and it is a special treat to see her in plays that she has never acted elsewhere. It is not so very long since Jane Hading was the star of opéra bouffe, and the Parisians would have thought anyone mad who had suggested she would be soon appearing, to the delight of all London, in the character of Mdlle. De Belle Isle, dear to the acknowledged stars of the Comédie Française. This famous comedy, by the elder Dumas, is familiar to many playgoers. Mdlle. Beatrice once played in a version of it at the Haymarket, when she first appeared in this country; and when the members of the Comédie Française were over here we had an opportunity of seeing Delaunay in his incomparable personation of the dissolute Duc de Richelieu. It is not likely, however, that playgoers of any school or experience will refuse to acknowledge the rare beauty of Jane Hading's exquisite performance. It is transfigured innocence and sublimated purity. Her soft, sweet voice, her matchless expression, her play of feature and reproachless grace of demeanour, all lend themselves to the elaboration of a character so sweet and gentle as the girl who finds herself in a hotbed of vice and sensuality, who is the prey of the dissolute and the discredited, but who issues from the fiery ordeal unscathed, unhurt, and unstained by a shadow of contamination. Her Majesty's Theatre is over-large for the proper enjoyment of such delicate art as that of the incomparable Jane Hading; but she over-mastered every difficulty, and conquered every heart. If the Théâtre Français is ever to recover its lost prestige, it should not be long before Jane Hading filled the place left vacant by Sara Bernhardt. She has had an opportunity during this visit to London to play Mdlle. De Belle Isle of the elder Dumas, the Queen in "Ruy Blas," of Victor Hugo, and the gentle Denise of the younger Dumas. This added experience will be invaluable to her; and it is certain that the best French critics would indorse all that has been said concerning her Mdlle. De Belle Isle. The only subject for regret is that Madame Jane Hading cannot be seen in a theatre where no note of her voice, no variety of her mobile countenance is lost. Her face is a study, but it requires a small and delicate frame.

Another clever lady has returned to England from France to delight her many admirers. I allude to Mdlle. Thénard, whose conferences have been a very pretty and intellectual feature of recent London seasons. French and French literature can be conveniently studied at these delightful lectures, distinguished for their refinement, elegance, and good taste. But this is not all. Mdlle. Thénard, being so charming and clever a companion, is in constant requisition at "soirées intimes" and social gatherings of every pattern. She can be as gay as she is learned.

There are not likely to be any changes of material importance at the theatres this season. "Faust" at the Lyceum, Sir Charles Young's play at the Haymarket, "Sophia" at the Vaudeville, Mr. Pinero's farce at the Court, and the delightful Daly company at the Strand are all doing so well that they could run through the hot weather if they liked. Mr. Wilson Barrett will probably revive "Claudian" and "Hamlet" before he closes the season at the Princess's Theatre, and starts, via the provinces, to America. During his absence it is not unlikely that Mr. Dion Boucicault will produce on these boards his famous racing comedy, "The Jilt," which has done so well both in America and Australia. Everyone will regret to hear that Mr. Toole has been placed hors de combat by an unusually severe attack of the gout, which has kept him in bed, instead of making his audience roar with laughter over Aminadab Sleek, in "The Serious Family." But he hopes to get about very soon, in order to say good-bye before starting on his long provincial tour. Whilst he is absent Mr. Yardley and Mr. Stephens will produce a burlesque in which Arthur Roberts has the principal character. C. S.

Mr. William Holland is a man of infinite resource and ceaseless faith. Trusting in the chances of a fine summer, he has built a wonderful open-air theatre in the grounds of the Albert Palace at Battersea, and, since the opening day, has not been disturbed by a single shower. The South Kensington Show is not to have all the al fresco entertainments to itself this year, for Mr. Holland, fortified with a license, can, after the fashion of old Vauxhall and the Surrey Gardens, give his variety shows, his ballets, his jugglers, and what not, "sub Jove," as the ancients would have said. The special attraction for the opening day and the advancing Whitsuntide has been a most spirit-stirring patriotic choral ode, written by Mr. Clement Scott and musically illustrated with great cleverness by Mr. W. C. Levey, the famous composer of "Here Stands a Post." The ode is called "Our Empire," and has certainly hit the public taste at a time of great political excitement. Britannia, in song and chorus, welcomes to her "island home" characteristic representatives of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and then summons to her side India, Canada, and Australia. National songs and dances follow one another in quick succession, and the enthusiasm is lifted to fever pitch when Britannia sings her song "Three in One," advocating the love of Queen and country and the unity of the Empire. The beautiful grounds of the palace have been crowded every night since the opening of the new garden theatre and the singing of the patriotic ode.

The Duchess of Athole has undertaken to form the Highland quadrille at the Royal Caledonian Ball on the 22nd inst., and Mrs. Murray, of Polmaise, will arrange a fancy dress quadrille.

The first article in the June number of the *Art Journal* introduces us to a new animal-painter, Richard Friese, with some capital sketches of lions and tigers; but it was not necessary for the writer to depreciate Landseer for the purpose of exalting Herr Friese. There is a well written and well illustrated article on Capri, and another devoted to that gem of a house, the home of the late Mr. Burges, the architect. Other papers complete a very interesting number.

The *Magazine of Art* and its contemporary the *Art Journal* are both doing good service by making the English reader acquainted with the work of foreign artists like Basil Peroff and Richard Friese. The present number of the *Magazine of Art* shows no falling off either in matter or illustrations. The writer of the article on the old Charterhouse will rejoice that the project for pulling down that interesting relic of old London has, for the present at least, been defeated. The Charterhouse sketches are very good; and there are numerous other illustrations equally well done.



## THE SILENT MEMBER.

## DEFEAT OF THE IRISH GOVERNMENT BILL.

Dissolution is imminent. As I ventured in a manner last week to foretell would be the case, the Irish Home Rule Bill of the Government, though reduced practically to a declaration of the expediency of conceding local self-rule to Ireland, was rejected by the House of Commons. The game was won by the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. It chanced that exactly a twelvemonth to a day elapsed between the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's former Administration on last year's Budget, and the memorable sitting of the Seventh of June, which proved fatal to the right honourable gentleman's Government of Ireland Bill. But a year ago, what politician would have been daring enough to predict that so large a number of members as 311 would have voted in favour of Home Rule for Ireland? That this considerable minority will before long become a majority was plainly the confident hope that inspired Mr. Parnell's devoted band of followers, who, upstanding, vociferously cheered the Prime Minister in the small hours of Tuesday morning last during the extraordinary and tempestuous scene which followed the critical division. The hope that animated the excited Irish members was tersely expressed by Mr. Gladstone when he said, in the course of his remarkably eloquent speech, "the ebbing tide is with you, and the flowing tide is with us."

The House of Commons—better ventilated, for a wonder, than usual—was at its fullest both at the beginning and the close of the concluding evening of debate on the late measure to confer a separate legislature on Ireland. As a zealous and important sponsor of the measure, Earl Spencer was among the noble Lords who thronged the Peers' Gallery; and Lord Rowton, Lord Monk-Bretton, and Lord Brabourne were also noticeable in the early part of the sitting. So crowded was the House that one or two hon. members raised a laugh by putting their questions to Ministers from the side galleries. A prominent actor like a warm reception. Lord Hartington is, of course, above this weakness; but it was observed that he did not obtain "a hand," in theatrical parlance, when he first took his corner seat on the bench behind Ministers, and that he somehow contrived to make a second entrance at a period more favourable for the mild burst of cheering he then gained from the Conservatives. A slight cheer was raised for Mr. Goschen as he ascended the steps to his corner seat immediately above that of the noble Marquis. Cordial cheering greeted Mr. Bright as he walked up the floor, and room was made for the venerable statesman in the old familiar corner seat on the second bench below the gangway, next to Mr. Chamberlain. But shouting as lusty as a battle-cry broke forth from the Radical and Home Rule members when Mr. Gladstone, wearing the customary white flower in his button-hole, quietly slipped into his place on the Treasury bench between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Childers, face to face with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Lord John Manners. It was, in fine, an audience more intellectually distinguished than any other legislative chamber in the world could produce which did Mr. Goschen the honour to assemble to listen to his address in support of Lord Hartington's motion for the rejection of the bill.

Mr. Goschen, let it at once be admitted, displayed habitual argumentative power in adversely criticising every feature of the measure; but his speech, marked by exceeding cleverness and ability, was too long by half—so long, indeed, that the inordinate course of linked hoarseness long drawn out had a soporific effect upon the Marquis of Hartington, who fairly nodded under the sermon. The pith of Mr. Goschen's objection to the bill was that it would provoke friction, commercial, financial, legislative, and executive. But is there not friction enough in all conscience between England and Ireland now?

Mr. Parnell, the fair young bearded leader of the Irish Home Rule Party, was apparently never more collected and cool than when he rose from the midst of his fervid obedient disciples to answer the hostile criticisms of Mr. Goschen and other antagonists. The reply was none the less telling from the studious care with which he weighed each word. As in the speech Mr. Parnell made approving, on the whole, the Home Rule Bill when Mr. Gladstone introduced it on the Eighth of April, so on Monday last he accepted the measure as a settlement of the long-standing dispute between the Government and the Irish Nationalist body. The hon. member indubitably strengthened his position by denouncing alike the recent murderous outrages in Kerry and in Belfast. But the most important part of Mr. Parnell's speech was that in which he thus explicitly bound himself to acknowledge the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament in the event of the bill eventually becoming law:—

I understand the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament to mean this. It is effective in the event of the Irish body exceeding its powers; but it might, under certain circumstances, be more effective still. I can only illustrate my meaning by saying that, in accepting this bill, I think we come under an honourable obligation not to abuse our powers—(Irish cheers)—and we pledge ourselves for the Irish people—so far as we can pledge ourselves—(Irish Opposition cheers and Irish counter-cheers)—not to abuse these powers, and to devote our energies, and any ability or influence we may have, to prevent them from abusing those powers—(Hear, hear)—but if this abuse should take place, the Imperial Parliament reserves, in the full plenitude of its power, the right to intervene, but only in the case of grave and urgent necessity.

Quite a sensation was created when Mr. Parnell subsequently offered the following explanation of his advocacy of protective duties last autumn:—

That speech about protection at Wicklow was made at a time when we had every reason to know that the Conservative party, if they should be successful at the polls, would offer to Ireland a statutory Legislature, with the right to protect her own industries—(prolonged Home Rule and Ministerial cheers)—and that this would have been coupled with a settlement of the land question on the basis of purchase on a larger scale than that now proposed by the Prime Minister (Renewed cheers). I should not have thought, I never did think, and I do not think now of claiming that right of protection from the Liberal party. I never expected it, and do not expect it, and therefore I recognise this as a final settlement without protection. But there is a stronger settlement still.

Finally, Mr. Parnell earnestly said there could be no alternative between the "coercion which Lord Salisbury put before the country" and the measure "offered by the Prime Minister, carrying with it a lasting settlement and a treaty of peace between the two countries."

Mr. Joseph Cowen, rising from the place usually tenanted by Mr. Labouchere, next to Mr. Dilwyn, on the front Ministerial bench below the gangway, in an eloquent speech, or, rather oration of exemplary brevity, lasting only a quarter of an hour, energetically justified the principle of Home Rule on the score that it would "do more for the Irish people than sunshine and summer," and bring "not only safety to the British Empire, but peace, contentment, and liberty to Ireland."

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who immediately followed Mr. Cowen, being welcomed with a round of Conservative cheers, did not fail to render graceful homage to Mr. Cowen. With accustomed skill, the Leader of the Opposition (Lord Randolph Churchill) close at his coat-tails to prompt the right hon. Baronet neatly recounted the many objections to Home Rule. The one exciting part of his exhaustive speech was that in which he "utterly and categorically" denied that the late

Government ever had the intention of granting the alleged statutory Parliament to Ireland. Mr. Parnell at once rose, and demanded, "Does the right hon. gentleman deny that that intention was communicated to me by one of his own colleagues, a Minister of the Crown?" "Yes, Sir, I do," emphatically responded Sir Michael, adding a challenge that the name of the said Minister should be given. To which Mr. Parnell answered that the question was "a very safe one," but "I shall be very glad to communicate the name of his colleague when I receive that colleague's permission." There the matter was allowed to rest for the moment. It is suggested the Earl of Carnarvon might be able to throw light upon this obscure matter. Be that as it may, the lines upon which the right hon. Baronet would be prepared to legislate, presumably, for a rearrangement of the local government of Ireland were doubtless indicated when he said he was anxious "that political privileges and disabilities should be the same all over the kingdom, that civil power should be in the hands of the executive Government for the effective control of law and order, and that the practical supremacy of the Imperial Parliament should be maintained." Quite in harmony with the opinions of Mr. Chamberlain!

The Premier rose to sum up the historically important debate at twenty-six minutes past eleven. For a minute or so was Mr. Gladstone loudly cheered, the rousing "Hear, hears" of the Irish members being most vehement. The right hon. gentleman has not for some years spoken with greater physical force than he did on this momentous occasion. Upright as a dart, his head held well up above his broad chest, evidently as keen and as strong an intellectual gladiator as of old, Mr. Gladstone bravely bore his seventy-six years as though he were still in the summer of his life. The eloquent voice was as clear and resonant as ever. Completely full though the House was, each gallery and corner being thronged, every eye was directed to the tall figure of Mr. Gladstone at the table. It was a sight never to be forgotten while memory lasts. Foreign Ambassadors gazed down upon the Prime Minister from the gallery devoted to distinguished visitors. Among the most attentive listeners in the adjoining Peers' Gallery were the Earl of Aberdeen (the exceptionally tactful Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), the Earl of Dalhousie, and Lord Wolverton, in addition to Earl Spencer and many other noble Lords. Mr. Bright was driven to seek refuge on a crowded cross-bench below this gallery, his old corner seat below the gangway being now complacently filled by Mr. Chamberlain, who had, with his usual air of perky self-confidence, sauntered in after dinner with a flower in the button-hole of his swallow-tail coat. Not abating a jot of his customary sternness, the Marquis of Hartington sat, obdurate to the last, below the bent form of Mr. Goschen—formidable enemies to have in the rear. All eyes, as before mentioned, were fixed on the veteran Minister who is, with reason, popularly designated "The Grand Old Man." The Premier, cheered to the echo by his new Irish recruits, most vigorously and with the greatest animation and point rebutted the arguments of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Goschen, turning to each with energetic gesticulation when the moment came to answer them. Mr. Gladstone made the issue clear by emphatically repeating that the sole point to be decided at the division was whether or not a legislative body should be granted to Ireland for the management of Irish affairs. All secondary details would be left for decision in accordance with the general opinion. It was stoutly maintained that the Union would be best preserved by the concession of local self-rule to Ireland. As in his longer introductory exposition, he cited the good working of local autonomy in various colonies and foreign countries—in Canada, Australia, Iceland, Finland, Norway and Sweden, Austria and Hungary, and Galicia—to prove how efficacious this simple remedy is for political ills. In a glowing peroration, he beseeched the House to take advantage of "one of the golden moments of history"; resolutely expressed his conviction that "the people's heart" beat with the Government on this question; and, finally, in the loftiest strain of eloquence, declared, "Ireland stands at your bar, expectant, hopeful, almost suppliant. . . . We hail the demand of Ireland for what I call a blessed oblivion of the past. She asks also a boon for the future, and that boon for the future, unless we are much mistaken, will be a boon to us in respect to honour no less than a boon to her in respect to happiness, prosperity, and peace. Think, I beseech you, think well, think wisely; think not for the moment, but for the years that are to come, before you reject our plan." Mr. Gladstone was cheered tremendously when he resumed his seat at six minutes past one o'clock, having spoken most effectively for an hour and thirty-six minutes.

The division was naturally awaited with great anxiety and excitement. The result was foretold early in the sitting in the melancholy countenances of Mr. Healy and Mr. Labouchere, who have unceasingly striven to reconcile the irreconcilables with the Ministry. Sir Charles Dilke, who voted with the Government, led the host of faithful Ministerialists who filed into the House from the door facing the chair of Mr. Speaker Peel. The rival stream entering from behind the Speaker's chair flowed with equal volume. Which would flow the longer? That was the crucial question that filled the minds alike of Ministers on the Treasury bench and of the Leaders of the Opposition. Presently, beaming as though victory were certain, Mr. Marjoribanks (who acted as co-teller with Mr. Arnold for the Ministry) buoyantly sailed up to Mr. Gladstone, who had resumed his seat with a subdued air, and whispered something to his chief. Still the stream of opponents to the bill flowed up the floor of the repacked House, bearing Mr. Chamberlain, supremely placid, past the Treasury bench. The fate of the measure was then known to be sealed.

Mr. Caine and Mr. Brand (the tellers for the Marquis of Hartington) took their stand at the table to the right of Mr. Marjoribanks and Mr. Arnold Morley. This made assurance doubly sure. When the Speaker, with commendable distinctness, announced that 311 voted for and 341 against the second reading of the bill—which was thus negatived by a majority of thirty—a hearty cheer was raised by the Conservatives. Lord Randolph Churchill whirled his hat round in triumph. There came a deafening volley of cheers in response from Mr. Parnell and his followers, who, at the call of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, gave three resounding cheers for "the Grand Old Man." Mr. Gladstone's colleagues imparting dignity to the tribute by standing to do honour to their veteran leader. Lusty groans were then levelled by the Irish members at the head of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Gladstone quietly moved that the House should adjourn till Thursday, which was agreed to, after a few fervid Irish orators had been promptly suppressed by the Speaker. The Premier then, red despatch-box in hand, stole out of the House with Mr. John Morley, the Irish Secretary, by the side of the Speaker's chair; and the effervescence of the Parnellites was left to subside in the corridors.

Mr. G. A. Sala has declined an invitation from the Hornsey Liberal and Radical Association to come forward as the Liberal candidate for the Hornsey Division. It is to be hoped that he will be induced to reconsider his decision.

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in the enjoyment of good health. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and household, by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, minister of Crathie. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Battenberg. On Monday the Queen, in beautiful weather, honoured Braemar with her first visit this season. Her Majesty, who looked exceedingly well, bowed her acknowledgments to the salutations paid her in passing through the village, by the groups, composed mostly of natives, assembled at the roadside. She was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Battenberg. The Royal party occupied a light waggone.

The Princess of Wales presented new colours to the 4th Battalion of the (Princess of Wales's Own) Yorkshire Regiment in the garden at Marlborough House on the morning of the 3rd inst. The Prince, Prince Albert Victor, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, were present. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses paid a visit to the Horse Show at Islington, being accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Mary Adelaide, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and the Duke of Teck, the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. The Royal visitors witnessed a leaping competition. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at Miss Wakefield's concert in aid of the funds of the Nursing Sisterhood of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, at the St. James's Hall; and in the evening the Princess attended the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden. The Prince presided, in the absence of the Colonel-in-Chief, the Duke of Connaught, at the annual dinner of the Rifle Brigade at the Hotel Métropole. His Royal Highness, in the absence of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Master, presided at the annual dinner of the Trinity House. Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and Prince Louis of Battenberg were among the guests. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Marquis of Lorne, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and Prince Louis of Battenberg visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. Prince Albert Victor afterwards returned to Aldershot. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday, and took leave of their Royal Highnesses on his departure for Russia. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House for Harewood Lodge, Sunninghill, the house taken for Ascot week. The Prince and Princess, with most of the members of the Royal family, were on the heath at the opening of the Ascot Races on Tuesday, where, owing to the fine weather, there was a great concourse of visitors, not merely from England, but from India and the Colonies. Their Royal Highnesses have signified their intention of visiting the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the 26th inst., when a special fête will be given. It will include a concert on the scale of the Handel festivals, the band and chorus numbering 3000 performers. At the instance of the Prince, arrangements are in progress by which every working man, woman, and child may have an opportunity of visiting the Colonial and Indian Exhibition on all week days, except Wednesday, after the middle of August. Prince George, younger son of the Prince and Princess, attained his majority on the 3rd inst.

The Prince of Wales's yacht Osborne, having on board the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, arrived at Portsmouth last Saturday afternoon, and their Royal Highnesses left immediately by special train for London.

The Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne yesterday week received at Kensington Palace the leading colonists and distinguished Indians now in this country in connection with the Exhibition. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family were present. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were present at a meeting held last Saturday, with their permission, in the gardens of Kensington Palace, the object being to support the special work of the London City Mission. There was a large and fashionable gathering, which was favoured by beautiful weather.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury entertained Prince and Princess Christian at dinner on the 3rd inst. at the family residence in Arlington-street, Piccadilly. The Duke of Argyll and Lady Constance Campbell, the Earl and Countess of Kintore, Lord and Lady R. Churchill, Lord and Lady Rothschild, Sir F. and Lady Constance Stanley, Sir R. Webster, Mr. and Lady Mary Hope, Captain Shaw, Mr. J. Froude, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lowther, Mr. and Mrs. Alderson, and Lady E. Cavendish and Colonel Gordon were among the guests. Later, Lady Salisbury had a reception.

His Excellency the Russian Ambassador and Madame De Staal gave a banquet and ball at the Russian Embassy, Chesham-place, on the 4th inst. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise of Wales, and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, dined with their Excellencies. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Lord Edward Cavendish and Colonel Gordon, came from the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury's shortly before twelve o'clock. The Duke of Cambridge honoured the Ambassador by his presence. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess, and the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria were also present.

Mr. Gladstone entertained the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at dinner on Tuesday night at his official residence.

Mrs. Phelps will resume her receptions at the United States Legation in Lowndes-square on and after the 25th inst.

Mr. James Anstie, Q.C., one of the Charity Commissioners, has been elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson entertained at dinner at Lambeth Palace last Saturday, the French Ambassador and Madame Waddington, the United States Minister and Mrs. Phelps, Viscount and Viscountess Middleton, Lord Dynevor, Lord and Lady Halsbury, Lord and Lady Brabazon, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and Mrs. and Miss Ellicott, the Provost of Eton and Mrs. Hornby, the Rev. the Hon. Edward and Lady Mary Carr Glyn, the Hon. Miss Grosvenor, Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan, and Mr. R. Buchanan.

The Countess Karolyi held her first reception at the Austrian Embassy, Belgrave-square, last Saturday night. Previously his Excellency and Countess received at dinner the German Ambassador, Countess Howe, the Countess of Lovelace, Lord and Lady Hastings, Lord and Lady Hothfield, Lady Vernon Harcourt, Mr. and Lady Selina Hervey, Colonel Sir Henry Ewart, Sir Frederick Leighton, M. and Madame Von André, Mrs. Hartmann, Count Victor Karolyi, Chevalier De Matscheko, Count Paul Esterhazy, and M. Dumba. The Countess's reception was attended by numerous members of the diplomatic corps and foreigners of rank.





THE DIVISION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE IRISH HOME RULE QUESTION.  
"THE AYES," 811; "THE NOES," 841.



## ART EXHIBITIONS.

It would be difficult to find two greater contrasts among contemporary water-colour artists than Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Pownoll Williams; and a student might do well to gauge the respective merits and shortcomings of two painters who, at least, have in common the love of nature. Mr. Albert Goodwin's drawings of "City, Town, and Hamlet" are to be seen at the Fine-Arts Society's Gallery (140, New Bond-street), and represent a year's work, if not altogether a year's wanderings. England, both north and south of the Trent, the Thames and the Medway, the east and south coasts, and half a dozen cathedral towns furnish pleasant reminiscences of England of to-day; whilst we presume that those of Rome, Florence, Dordrecht, and Egypt refer to some previous experiences. The result of this somewhat hasty generalisation is seen in the substitution of Mr. Goodwin's ideal for the realities of everyday life; and, whilst admiring the delicacy of his imagination, and the refinement of his work, we fail to bring away any very direct impression of the places represented. It is in such works as "The Miller's Garden" (32) and "The Town Mills" (52), at Winchester, with their rushing waters and bright flowers, that Mr. Goodwin is seen at his best; and in "Abingdon Churchyard" (42), where he seems to have thrown a poetry of his own over the peaceful scene. "The Monastery at Assisi" (81), on the other hand, and the "View of Dordrecht" (21) jar somewhat on the eye; but many of the views of Whitby are very notable instances of Mr. Goodwin's power. "Durham Cathedral" seems to impress him more than "Canterbury" (64), and probably many others would be found to sympathise with him; but there is no reason for depriving the central tower of the latter building of its imposing proportions.

Mr. Pownoll Williams' sketches and drawings are to be found at Mr. McLean's Gallery (7, Haymarket), and represent a somewhat longer period of the artist's life. As in Mr. Goodwin's collection, Italy and England are alike portrayed, but with a broader brush, and with less imaginative power and less delicate refinement. Mr. Pownoll Williams is at his best when he has strong coloured foliage and gnarled olive-trees in his foregrounds. The skill with which he depicts these is beyond dispute, and such works as "An Olive-tree on a Grey Day" (17), "Cypresses and Cactus" (29), and "An Olive Grove" (35), are among the successful things in the

contemporary foreign art. Professor Geets, who now directs the Academy of Arts at Malines, is, like Mr. Alma-Tadema, a pupil of Baron Leys; but he has remained more faithful to the teaching of his master in his love for the burgher life of the Middle Ages. Two years ago Professor Geets exhibited at Burlington House a very remarkable work, "A Martyr of the Sixteenth Century," which was pronounced by all who could see it to be one of the best pictures of the year. The "Hanging Committee," however, hospitably conferred upon this work of a distinguished foreigner the "honours of the sky"; and to the majority of persons it would have remained unknown had not some appreciative amateur purchased it for the Birmingham Fine-Arts Museum. The present collection enables one to judge more accurately of Professor Geets's powers. His large picture of "The Vengeance of Jeanne la Folle," the wife of "Philippe le Beau," is a subject which seems to have special attraction for Belgian painters. In M. Geets's picture the beautiful girl who has aroused Jeanne's jealousy has been dragged out of her bed, and is being tied with cords to the bed-post. Jeanne, perfectly self-possessed, and with an almost meaningless face, is quietly looking on, holding in her hand the scissors with which she first cut off the girl's beautiful hair, and afterwards savagely maimed her. The colouring of the whole scene and of the accessories is somewhat intense to our eyes, but there can be no dispute as to the power of the drawing, or the skill of the composition. The chief defect of the work, apart from the unnatural pallor of the nude figure, is the absence of any emotion in the faces of the assistants. They seem mere machines—coarse Flemish serving-maids, ready to do their mistress's mad bidding without question or protest. Among the other pictures in the room are four finished studies of large works intended for the new Palais de Justice at Brussels, all of them introducing a number of interesting portraits of the principal founders of the United Netherlands.

We are forced to defer until next week notice of other exhibitions, amongst which that at the Hanover Gallery is the most interesting to lovers of foreign art.

## TREASURE TROVE AT ABERDEEN.

A discovery of some antiquarian interest was made at Aberdeen a fortnight ago, by labourers excavating in Ross's-court, Upper Kirkgate, one of the oldest parts of the city. Three



DISCOVERY OF BURIED TREASURE AT ABERDEEN: BRONZE-URN CONTAINING THE COINS.

room. The study of "Sea at the Lizard" (27) is an ambitious attempt to render the transient effect of a rift in the clouds over a grey sea, but the water is "lumpy," not in the nautical sense. "Kynance Cove" (33), although giving evidence of much patient work, has nevertheless an unfinished look, and the sea is cold and colourless. In other cases, such as the "Evening Sky at Mentone" (681), "Morning Mists at Bounnen" (60), and the "Sketch near Pangbourne" (56), Mr. Williams sees the sky far greener than ordinary mortals. It is not competent for us to say that his sense of light is incorrect in such cases; but in the "View of Engelberg" (70), the pine-trees against the mountain side could not, we venture to think, appear so blue at so short a distance. The most important work, "Silver Thames" (77), is very dark, and scarcely deserves the title given. In spite of these defects, the exhibition is an interesting one, and will recall many a pleasant spot in the Riviera and among the Swiss and Italian lakes.

The drawings belonging to St. George's Guild, which, by Mr. Ruskin's kindness, are on view at the Fine-Arts Gallery, deserve careful study. They are forty-four in number, out of a total of between two and three hundred; and are roughly divisible into five categories—viz., Signor Alessandri's studies from works of the Italian masters Carpaccio, Tintoret; similar studies by Mr. Fairfax Murray, chiefly from Pisa and Florence; Mr. Frank Randal's studies from the public buildings of Bergamo, Verona, &c.; Mr. Thomas Rooke's architectural paintings of the porches and windows of Chartres Cathedral; and other architectural drawings by Mr. W. G. Collingwood. If these are fair samples of the possessions of St. George's Guild, those who have facilities for visiting its museum are to be greatly envied; and one realises from these studies the value of copies of good works when executed by those who can enter into the spirit and aim of the originals. Such works as Tintoret's "Adam and Eve" (104), "Moses Stopped by the Angel" (109), from Perugino's work in the Sistine Chapel, and "Jacob Leaving Laban's House" (127), by Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Campo Santo, at Pisa, ought to be made familiar to all who love religious art and wish to know something of the power it exercised in forming the character of the people amongst whom it developed its highest perfection; and we cannot, with reference to the other work, do better than repeat Mr. Ruskin's approval, "Nothing has ever yet been done in expressive architectural painting like Mr. Rooke's 'Porches and Windows of Chartres' (135); nothing in accuracy of form and precision of colour to surpass Mr. Randal's 'Porch at Bergamo' (122)."

The collection of historical pictures by Professor Willem Geets, now on view at Mr. Lefevre's Gallery (1A, King-street, St. James's), cannot fail to attract all who take an interest in

feet under the surface they came upon a large bronze urn filled to the brim with silver money. The coins are in excellent preservation. They are of various dates, and belong to various countries. English coins of the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. predominate; but there are also Scotch coins of the reigns of David and Alexander, and French coins and ecclesiastical moneys, the latter bearing mitres and staffs. The coins vary in size from a modern threepenny piece to a shilling. Twenty-two weighed an ounce; and it is calculated that the total number found was from 12,000 to 14,000; but many were removed before the finder knew their value. Several have been analysed by the Professor of Chemistry at Aberdeen University, who states that the tolerably clean coins yielded in 100 parts 89.88 of silver and 10.12 of copper. The composition is therefore nearer to that of French coins than of English. The Edward coins have an inscription round the outer edge, on the obverse side, with a clear cut head wearing an open crown. On the reverse side is also an inscription, and the coin is marked with the strongly defined cross peculiar to the "quarter money." In the acute angles formed by the cross, trefoils are placed. Another coin has a crowned head in profile inclosed in triangle on the obverse side and an inscription; on the reverse side it is almost similar to that before described, except that stars are substituted for the trefoils. Most of the money is of this description, but there are several exceedingly rare coins. There are several theories as to the circumstances under which the coins were buried; but from the dates it is conjectured that they were hidden about the time of the battle of Barra, fought near Inverurie between the forces of Edward of England and Robert the Bruce. The spot selected would be on the Aberdeen burgh boundary, near what was known as "the Ghaists' Row," on account of its supposed nightly visitation of ghosts. A Bishop's residence stood near the spot, and from the fact that there was no covering on the urn, it is conjectured that it was buried hurriedly in a time of panic. Another theory is that the coin formed part of the money used to pay the English soldiers, and that it was left in the flight which followed the engagement with Bruce at Barra. The treasure has been delivered to the Procurator Fiscal for the Crown.

The drawing of the bronze urn is copied by permission of Mr. H. J. Clarke, manager of the *Illustrated News of the North*, at Aberdeen.

The Lord Mayor opened new baths at Putney last Saturday. The building has a frontage of 117 ft., and comprises a swimming-bath 100 ft. by 30 ft., a Turkish bath, ladies' and gentlemen's first and second class private baths, and two very large club-rooms. About £13,000 has been expended upon it.

## ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The works necessitated by the partial destruction of the well-known Ponte Nuovo at Verona have led to some interesting discoveries; but the most astonishing was that of a spring of water, compressed by a huge block of marble. After much labour the block was removed, and a fountain of water was suddenly thrown up. The works had for a time to be suspended, but great efforts were made to divert the stream, and these have at length been successful. The block, on further examination, was found to bear a shield, on which were carved at the top two hares nibbling a bunch of grapes; a dolphin at each of the four corners; and at the bottom a bull's head and a bundle of fuses. The inscription runs thus:—

M SELIVS  
SPERATVS  
SIBI ET  
M SELIO MAXIMO  
PATRIVIVIRAVG  
SELIA EMLIB  
MODESTAE  
MATRI  
F I

The awards of the Paris Salon would seem to indicate but slight progress among the artists who have previously distinguished themselves. For painting, the *medaille d'honneur* was—as mentioned last week—accorded to M. Jules Lefebvre for his portraits, by 183 votes, but no medals of the first class—the most coveted distinction—were awarded. The most favoured artists were MM. Marec and Bordes, the former for his "Day after Pay-day" and the "Portrait of Madame D.," and the latter for his large Academic work, "The Death of Bishop Pretextatus." For sculpture, medals of the first class were awarded to M. Peynot and M. Boucher; for engraving, the *medaille d'honneur* to M. Léopold Flameng, and a medal of the first class to the well-known etcher, M. Brunet Desbaines. Amongst those honourably mentioned the following names of English and American artists are to be found:—Messrs. Melchers, Alfred Smith, Walter MacEwen, Howe, Herbert, Denman, Maurice Eliot, Smith-Lewis, and Butler, and one English lady—Miss Bernardine Hall—already mentioned.

The traditional politeness of the French nation comes out in marked contrast with the treatment of the distinguished French sculptor Rodin, whose work was so summarily rejected by our Royal Academy; but the conduct of the jury of the Salon in suppressing all medals of the first class, because it would have been necessary to have awarded the majority of them to foreigners, meets with very general reprobation in all circles. In the present year's Salon place was found for nearly four hundred works by foreign artists, amongst whom were ninety-one Americans, fifty-four Belgians, and thirty-three English—nearly every other country of the world being represented by one or more artists.

A charming story is told of the well-known French painter Bonvin, who was married a few days ago, having as his "best men" Bressant, the actor, and Champfleury, the writer. After the wedding-dinner, when the speeches were being made, M. Bonvin had to reply to the toast of the bride and bridegroom. Turning to his wife, he said, "Do not forget that by your marriage you are entering into *une famille de robe et d'épée* [a legal and a military connection]; my mother was a sempstress and my father a *garde-champêtre*."

## THE CHURCH.

Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, paid a visit to Upton Park, Plaistow, on Monday, and laid the foundation-stone of a new church, which, it is expected, will cost about £9000. The church will stand on part of the garden in which Mrs. Elizabeth Fry took her recreation.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon.

The Bishop of Salisbury has appointed Mr. Clifford Wyndham Holgate, of Brasenose College, Oxford, and of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, to be his resident legal secretary for the diocese of Salisbury.

The Rev. Archdeacon Stack, Rector of Monaghan, has been elected Protestant Bishop of Clogher.

The Rev. Edwyn Hoskyns, of St. Clement's, Notting-hill, has been appointed to the living of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, void by the preferment of the Rev. J. F. Kitto to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

A special festival service was held on the 3rd inst. at Westminster Abbey, in aid of the fund for the erection of a chapel for Westminster Hospital. Dean Bradley officiated.

A fancy fair in aid of the funds of the Bedford Park Church has been held in the grounds. Tastefully decorated tents were made picturesque by the costumes of the stall-holders, who wore dresses of the period of Louis XVI.

The annual meeting of diocesan inspectors was held at Lambeth Palace on Monday, under the presidency of the Bishop of Lichfield. The question discussed was the present condition of religious instruction in Church schools throughout England and Wales, especially in comparison with its condition previous to the passing of the Education Act in 1870. The general opinion was that a great improvement had taken place in the religious instruction of Church schools during the interval.

Through the munificence of Mrs. Symes, of Bongor, a handsome Munich window (executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.) has been placed in the south transept of Bangor Cathedral, to the memory of the late Dean Edwards.—The fine five-light window in the north transept of Wheathampstead church, Hertfordshire, has lately, through the munificence of Mrs. Drake Garrard, of Lamer, been filled with some fine painted glass, in memory of her deceased husband. The work was executed by Messrs. Ward and Hughes, of Frith-street, Soho, London, who had previously executed the stained glass of the other windows of the church.

Mr. John S. Martin, of Prestwich, Manchester, has been appointed Inspector of Mines for the South Wales district.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, speaking on Monday night at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, expressed the opinion that a railway concession from the chiefs of the Congo tribes was absolutely essential to the welfare of the Congo Free State.

Bearing the title "German of To-day," a series of short extracts from contemporary writers for translation in English, for the use of schools, and candidates reading for examinations, has been compiled by Dr. N. Heinemann, F.R.G.S. (Cassell and Co.). The author is well-known as an authority on this subject. His work contains well-chosen extracts from living German writers. These extracts, interesting in themselves, bear on a great variety of subjects, being a modern book in the best sense of the word. The arrangement of the work is practical, and the notes accompanying it are brief and to the point. Schools in which German is taught will find it indispensable, as no other book of the same nature exists.



## OBITUARY.

SIR E. G. L. PERROTT, BART.

Sir Edward George Lambert Perrott, Bart., of the Mount, Plumstead, Kent, Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, died on the 4th inst., in his seventy-sixth year. He was the eldest son of Sir Edward Bindloss Perrott, second Baronet, by Louisa Augusta, his wife, daughter of Colonel N. Bayley, M.P., brother of the first Earl of Uxbridge. He married, Oct. 13, 1847, Emma Maria, only daughter of Captain Charles Evelyn Houghton, R.N., and leaves two sons, the present Sir Herbert Charles Perrott, Bart., late Captain in the Buffs, Assistant-Secretary of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, born Oct. 26, 1849; and Evelyn Edward Perrott, of High Hedgefield, in the county of Durham. Sir Edward was a Vice-President of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and received its gold medal.

MR. W. WHITE COOPER.

Mr. William White Cooper, F.R.G.S., the eminent oculist, whose name was on the list published on the 29th ult. of those selected for knighthood, died recently. He was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons since 1838, and a Fellow since 1845; and attended her Majesty as Surgeon Oculist-in-Ordinary for more than thirty years. He held also the appointments of ophthalmic surgeon and lecturer at St. Mary's Hospital, of senior surgeon of the North London Eye Infirmary, and of consulting surgeon to the Western Ophthalmic Hospital and to the School for Teaching the Blind. He contributed several papers to the medical journals on the special branch of the profession to which he had devoted his learning and skill, and was co-editor of Professor Owen's Hunterian lectures on comparative anatomy.

MR. TOTTENHAM, OF BALLYCURRY.

Mr. Charles Tottenham, of Ballycurry, in the county of Wicklow, formerly M.P. for New Ross, and one of the principal gentlemen of the county in which he resided, died on the 1st inst., aged seventy-eight. He was eldest son of Mr. Charles Tottenham, of Ballycurry and New Ross, and represented a branch of the family of Tottenham of Tottenham-green, whose chief is the Marquis of Ely. His mother was Catherine, eldest daughter of the first Sir Robert Wigram, Bart. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Wexford, and served as High Sheriff for that county in 1848, as he had done for Wicklow the previous year. He married, in 1833, Isabella Catharine, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir George Airey, K.C.H., and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir W. E. H. Verner, Bart., on the 8th inst. His memoir will be given next week.

Mr. William Landsborough, the Australian explorer, who discovered the head of the Thompson river, and led the expedition in search of Burke and Wills.

Mr. John Gilliam Stilwell, of Townfield, Dorking, formerly of Arundel-street, Strand, J.P. for Middlesex and Westminster, on the 30th ult., aged ninety-two.

The Rev. Horatio Moule, M.A., Rector of Road-cum-Woolverton, and formerly Senior Chaplain of the Cathedral, Calcutta, on the 3rd inst., in his eighty-first year.

Mr. Robert Benton Seeley, the publisher, for many years chief partner in the firm of Seeley and Co., of Fleet-street, in his eighty-ninth year. He was an extensive contributor to newspapers and magazines, and his works on Church questions

are reckoned as authorities. His last work was published in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

The Hon. Mrs. Bellamy Gordon (Louisa), sister and heiress of Adam, eleventh Viscount Kenmure, in the Peerage of Scotland, and widow of Mr. Charles Bellamy, on the 31st ult., at Kenmure Castle, N.B., in her ninetieth year. She was the last descendant of the Gordons of Lochinvar, on whom the titles of Lord Lochinvar and Viscount Kenmure were conferred in 1633.

Major Francis Culling Eardley Childers, R.A., A.D.C. to Sir Herbert Macpherson, Commander-in-Chief at Madras, on the 28th ult., aged twenty-seven. He was fourth son of the Right Honourable Hugh C. E. Childers, Secretary of State for the Home Department, entered the Army in 1878, served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, was mentioned in despatches, and received the fifth class of the Medjidieh and the Egyptian Star. The death of this very promising young officer occurred at Ootacamund, in India, from typhoid fever.

## BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

Princess Christian one day last week opened the annual sale of needlework at the Royal School of Art, and presided at the sale during the afternoon. Among the work done at the school have been two sets of curtains for Windsor Castle, by command of the Queen.

Subscriptions amounting to £1800 were contributed towards the funds of the Poplar Hospital at the annual dinner on the 3rd inst., when Sir Thomas Brassey was in the chair.

Lord Brabazon presided on the 3rd inst. at the annual meeting of the National Society for the Protection of Young Girls, at Exeter Hall. The report stated that about seventy-six girls are now under the society's care. At the close of the meeting Lady Brabazon gave away the prizes gained by the children during the half year.

Lord George Hamilton, M.P., opened a fine-art exhibition at Ealing last week, in aid of the fund for enlarging the Cottage Hospital. The exhibition is one of great merit, the works of art lent being valued at over £20,000.

The annual festival of the City Waiters' Provident Pension Society was held on the 3rd inst., at Cannon-street Hotel, Mr. H. W. Lawson, M.P., in the chair.

Lord Ebury yesterday week opened a fancy bazaar at the Homeopathic Hospital in Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury, in aid of the funds for opening a new ward, which was built two years ago, but has been unoccupied for want of funds.

Sir A. Borthwick, M.P., occupied the chair at the annual dinner in aid of the funds of the Newspaper Press Fund last Saturday night. Subscriptions to the amount of nearly £1200 were announced, including £105 from the chairman, £100 from Mr. Edward Lloyd, and £100 from the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Two large blocks of buildings in different parts of the City, designed for the habitation of the industrious poor, were formally opened on the 3rd inst. One of these, in Seward-street, Goswell-road, was opened by the Lord Mayor; and the other, in Cartwright-street, Mint-street, by Mr. Alderman Isaacs.

The seventy-seventh anniversary dinner in connection with the Artists' Benevolent Fund was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 4th inst., Lord Coleridge in the chair. Donations amounting to £400 were announced, the Queen giving her annual subscription of one hundred guineas.

Mr. Augustus Harris presided at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, held last week at the Freemasons' Tavern. There was a large and distinguished gathering, and subscriptions to the amount of £1500 were announced, including £100 from the Queen.

The anniversary festival and jubilee celebration of the London Coffee and Eating House Keepers' Benevolent Association was held on the 2nd inst., at the Holborn Restaurant—Mr. F. Seager Hunt, M.P., presiding. Subscriptions were announced amounting to £300.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-boat Institution was held on the 3rd inst., and the silver medal of the institution and £15 were awarded to Mr. G. Warford for his gallant services. Rewards amounting to £214 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution, and £25 was voted to the mother of Dan Brooks, who lost his life while endeavouring to save some of the crew of the brig *Mermaid*. Medals and testimonials were granted to other persons for bravery.—Last Saturday, a life-boat intended as a memorial to the late Lieutenant Heyland, of her Majesty's ship *Minotaur*, who lost his life while effecting the rescue of a seaman who had fallen overboard from that vessel, was launched in the presence of a large concourse of spectators from Southsea beach, where the National Life-boat Institution has recently established a station.

A meeting on behalf of the convalescent work of the Charity Organisation Society was held at Lord and Lady Brabazon's, last week. Sir Orfeur Cavenagh, who was in the chair, sketched the development of the work year by year since 1880, when a special committee of the society first drew attention to the large number of convalescent homes and the possibility of making a much greater use of the accommodation provided in them. The progress of the work had been very remarkable. A resolution in support of the work was passed.

Sir Henry Holland, M.P., will preside at the festival dinner in aid of the North London Consumption Hospital, to be held at the Langham Hotel on Wednesday evening, the 23rd inst.

At the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney-heath, a sale of the inmates' work, for their own benefit, will be held on the 22nd inst. and two following days.

One of the features at the forthcoming ceremony on the 28th inst., when the Prince of Wales will lay the foundation-stone of the People's Palace in the Mile-end-road, will be a gathering of 900 delegates, in regalia, and with banners of the various trade, friendly, and temperance societies which have a representation in East London.

The *City Press* states that the Prince of Wales will open Bleyton's Industrial Dwellings, Chatham-avenue, Nile-street, Hoxton, on the afternoon of Monday, July 5. These dwellings are the first work of the kind undertaken by trustees of public charities.

The Duke of Cambridge has consented to preside at the annual distribution of prizes to be held at Guy's Hospital, on Friday afternoon, July 2.

The Royal Military Tournament which is annually held in aid of the fund for old and disabled soldiers, takes place from this day to Saturday next at the Agricultural Hall, under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal family.

The 5th Royal Irish Lancers have held a three-days' tournament at Preston Park, Brighton, in aid of local charities; the programme including a musical ride and a mimic attack by Arabs on a British picket party at Hasheen.

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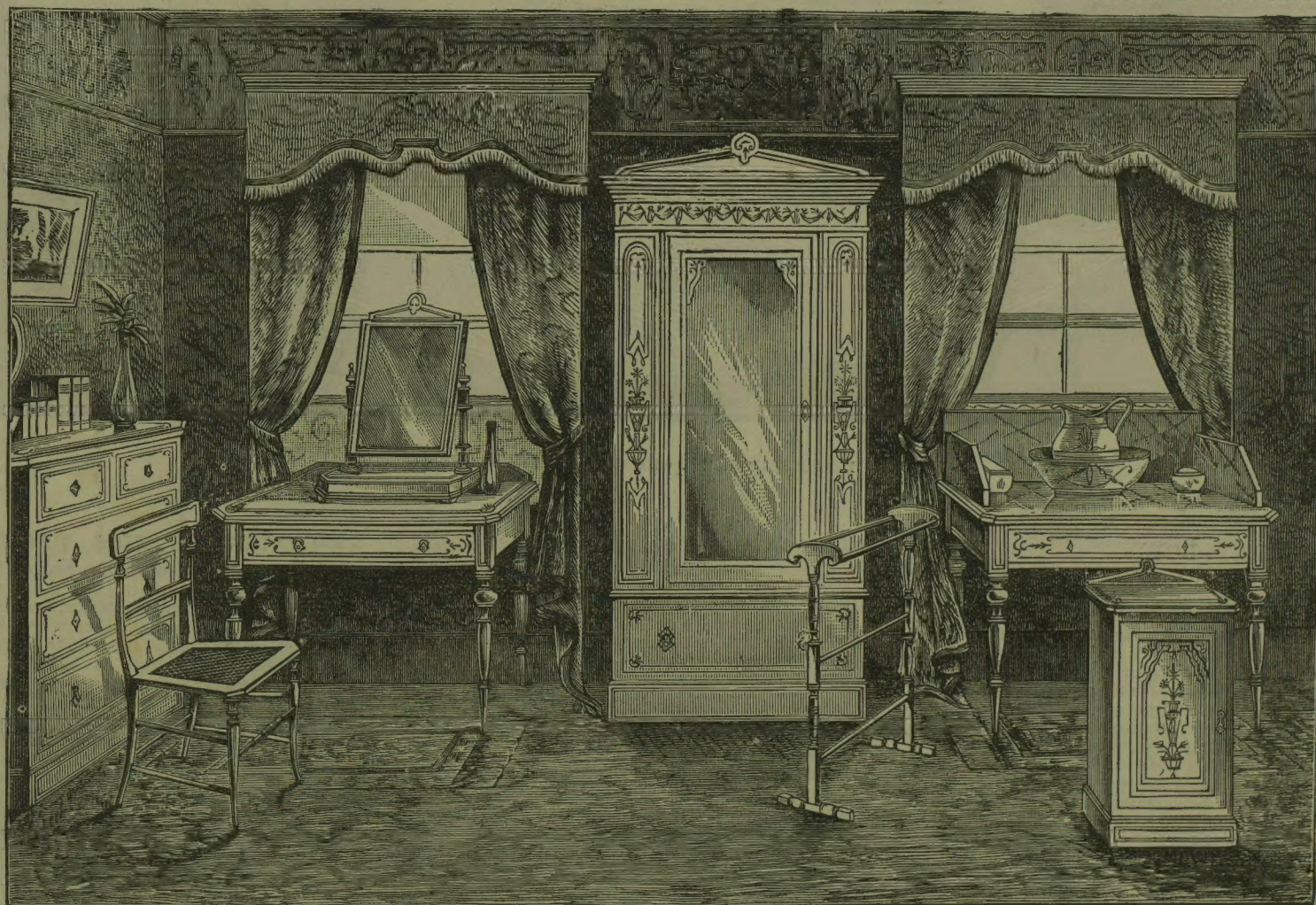
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BROTHERLY LOVE.—BY G. RICHTER.

## BROTHERLY LOVE.

Two little baby-boys, or not much more than babies—not enough grown to boyhood for the consciousness of masculine dignity that forbids their kissing, at least among the sterner races of northern Europe—are here exchanging a fraternal caress, which is a pretty sight between such small persons of tender age, and a pleasant sight, no doubt, for the fond mother who loves them both. The picture is one by a favourite German artist, bearing the name of Richter, and we are permitted to copy it by the Berlin Photographic Company. It may be imagined, from the expression of their faces, that this is a kiss of reconciliation after some childish quarrel; for there is a lingering air of sullenness, indeed a slight fierceness, in the lips and eye of the nearer infant; he looks rather surprised and reluctantly overcome by the angelic sweetness of his softer brother, who is catching him from behind as he was turning indignantly away. Perhaps there may have been a scene of this kind between Cain and Abel, once or twice in the far-off days of innocence, in the first of human families; while poor Eve, our common mother, always saddened by the consciousness of her own transgression, watched over the first pair of brothers, somewhere in the plains of Western Asia, outside the Garden of Eden, and still prayed that her children might love one another. But it came to pass, in process of time, that one was a keeper of sheep, and one was a tiller of the ground. Did the first grudge between them arise out of a Land Question—a dispute between the pastoral and the agricultural interest, which is yet in these days, in many countries of the Old and the New World; the continual source of social

s' rife? Did Abel's flocks and herds, in spite of their master's care, ever trespass on the soil where Cain, the sturdy husbandman, cultivated his primitive crops? Or rather, did not Cain, adding field to field, unscrupulously seek to inclose and cultivate the grazing land of his gentle and righteous neighbour? The earth was certainly wide enough, in the early time of Genesis—and so it ought to be now—for all the peaceful occupations of mankind. We are not told, but we may reasonably conjecture, that the two different archetypes of rustic colonisation, each the first of his class, may have had causes of dissension, previous to that fatal day, the blackest in human history, when the offering of the sinful man was rejected because he had pride and hatred in his heart. It is natural to think of the infancy of our race in looking at the picture of these babes, still comparatively innocent; while we could but wish that they might never, in future manhood, become subject to covetous or jealous passion, but "let brotherly love continue" to the end of their lives.

The Scottish gathering at Stamford-bridge grounds will take place on Saturday, the 26th inst. The objects of the meeting are to afford Scottish residents in London and their friends an opportunity of meeting, to uphold the wearing of the Highland dress, to encourage such manly and healthy sports as have been characteristic of the Scottish youth from time immemorial, and in aid of the Scottish charities in London. Prizes to the amount of £150 will be distributed among the competitors.

## KERMADEC ISLANDS, PACIFIC OCEAN.

It was announced several weeks ago that, by order of the Imperial Government, Admiral Tryon, commanding the naval squadron on the Australian station, had hoisted the British flag on Sunday Island, which is the very latest, though one of the smallest, acquisitions of the British Empire. The Kermadec group of islands, to which it belongs, will probably be included; but Sunday Island, the most northerly, is the most important. They may be found on the map about four hundred miles to the north and a little to the east of New Zealand, about the 178th degree of west longitude, and between the 29th and 31st of south latitude. The sea immediately north of New Zealand, towards the Fiji archipelago, has Norfolk Island on its western side, and Sunday Island, nearly opposite, on the eastern side; which makes it convenient, with a view to naval defensive operations, that Sunday Island should be a British possession; but it does not lie in the direct route of ordinary commercial navigation.

We are indebted to Mr. John Arundel, of the firm of Messrs. Houlder Brothers, of 146, Leadenhall-street, and of Liverpool and Glasgow, steam-ship owners and merchants extensively engaged in the trade of the Pacific Ocean, for two Views of Sunday Island, and for some interesting particulars which are not generally known. Mr. Arundel has been accustomed, in his steamer named the Explorer, employed as a mail-tender between Auckland, New Zealand, and the Phoenix group, near the Equator, where the guano operations of his firm are carried on, frequently to call at Tutuila, Samoa, for the purpose of intercepting the mail-steamers from San





NORTH SIDE OF SUNDAY ISLAND.



WEST BAY, OR DENHAM BAY, WITH MR. ARUNDEL'S STEAMER EXPLORER.

SUNDAY ISLAND, ONE OF THE KERMADEC ISLES, IN THE PACIFIC, LATELY ANNEXED TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Francisco to Auckland and Sydney. The Kermadec group is situated in this line of route, so that Mr. Arundel has been acquainted with these islands for many years past.

It was nearly a century ago, in 1788, that Macauley Island and Curtis Island were discovered by Lieutenant Watts, R.N., in the *Penguin*; Raoul Island, now called Sunday Island, and the *Espérance Rock*, were discovered by the French Admiral D'Entrecasteaux, with the vessels *La Recherche* and *L'Espérance*, in 1793; but no European Power has till now taken possession of them. So far as we are aware, there is no native population; Macauley and Curtis Islands are indeed uninhabited. Sunday Island is of an irregular triangular shape, about twelve miles in circuit, and rises to a height of 1627 ft. It was surveyed by Captain H. M. Denham, R.N., in the *Herald*, in 1854. The only inhabitants then were the family of Mr. Halstead, from New York, who has since died, and those belonging to him are gone; but an English gentleman, Mr. Thomas Bell, with his wife and daughters, has been living there four or five years. Mr. Bell, when the *Explorer* was last at Sunday Island, two years and a half ago, supplied her with wood for fuel, and took passage on board her, with Mr. Arundel, to pay a short visit to Auckland.

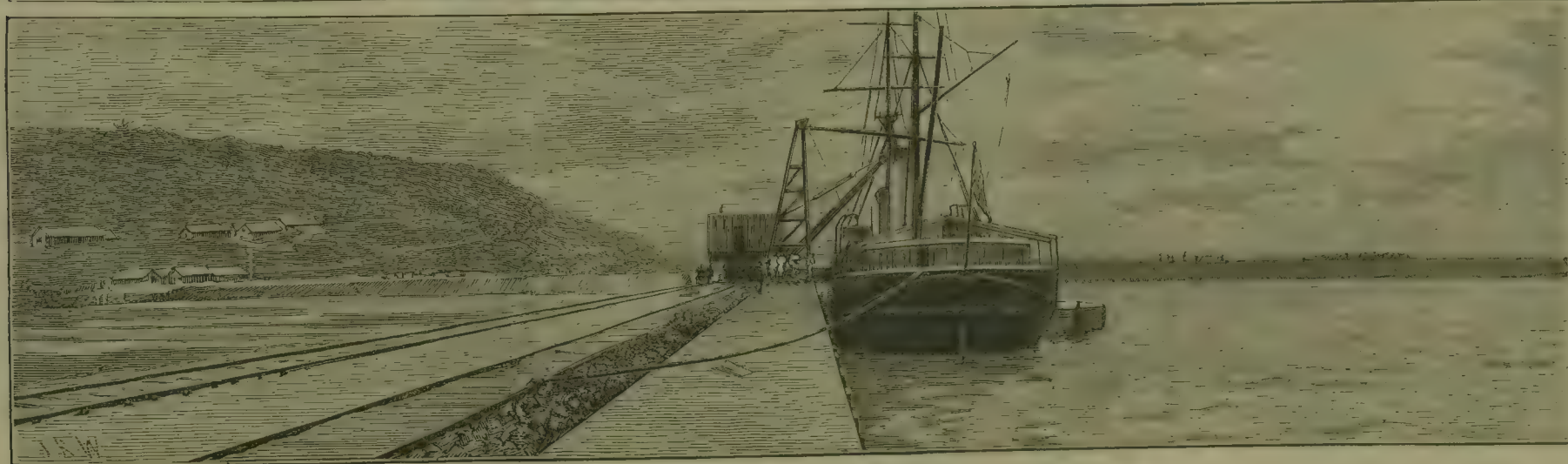
Mr. Arundel was accompanied by an artist, Mr. R. C. Barnfield, who took a photograph of the View we have engraved, and who afterwards made a painting in oil colours of the same subject. Much of this island is richly wooded, the trees being of the same species with those of the North Island of New

Zealand, and the soil is very fertile, yielding abundance of bananas and other tropical fruit, as well as grapes, and well repays cultivation. The gorgeous red flowers of the "*pohuta kawa*," have a splendid effect in the scenery. There are plenty of wild goats, but these animals, of course, are descendants of some brought there by European ships. Good water, vegetables, and poultry can here be procured for the needs of passing vessels. Sunday Island affords no proper harbour, but three good anchorages suitable for different winds; the other islands are often difficult of access. They are all of volcanic origin, without coral, and seem to be remnants of the lips of craters of submerged volcanoes. It is remarkable that they lie, with many other islands of a similar physical character, in a straight line of apparent volcanic action extending from Tongariro and Ruapehu, in New Zealand, through the celebrated lake, hot spring, and geyser district of Rotomahana, and White Island, in the Bay of Plenty, thence across the ocean, in a direction north by east, some 2500 miles to the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands. The similarity of the vegetation, and other natural conditions, would favour the hypothesis that a vast continent, now submerged except these specks of land, which were the tops of the highest mountains, occupied the central region of the Pacific at some remote period of geological time. It is also not improbable that these islands were the stepping-stones, as it were, by which the progenitors of the Maori nation, according to their own traditional belief, came to New

Zealand in their canoes from "*Hawaiki*," the unknown land of their mythical origin, to which they point in this direction.

The Kermadec Islands still exhibit volcanic phenomena of a forcible character. Inside the rocks shown in our View of Sunday Island are three lakes of water, from which steam occasionally rises, the water becoming hot; and in 1868 or 1869, at the time of the notable eruption of Tongariro, the active volcano in New Zealand, the few inhabitants of Sunday Island were so frightened by the outburst of aqueous volcanic force that they embarked in a whaler and fled to Norfolk Island. Mr. Arundel, the year after, was on Macauley Island, and saw in the distance what appeared to be smoke or steam rising from Sunday Island, which was then deserted. Curtis Island, which consists merely of two rocks, not above 500 ft. high, with a channel of the sea between them, was also examined by Mr. Arundel; and we are glad to hear that he is preparing for the Royal Geographical Society, of which he is a Fellow, some account of the Kermadec Islands, as it is a subject of much scientific interest.

The Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, has granted to Mrs. Mary Emily Dowson, of London, a licentiate of the College of Physicians, Ireland, and tutor in the London Medical School for Women, letters testimonial qualifying her to practise surgery. This lady passed a brilliant examination. She is the first lady licentiate of the Irish College of Surgeons.



NEW HARBOUR WORKS AT MORMUGAO, NEAR GOA, ON THE WEST COAST OF INDIA.



NEW HARBOUR ON WEST COAST OF INDIA.

We are informed that the harbour works at Mormugao, near Goa, on the west coast of India, now under construction by the West of India Portuguese Guaranteed Railway Company, have so far advanced that the steam-ship Westbourne, drawing 23 ft. of water, and with 2700 tons of cargo and coal on board, was able to steam alongside the quay wall, inside the breakwater, on April 15 last; and to discharge heavy lifts of machinery and other cargo. We present two illustrations of the harbour and the ship lying there. The space between the spectator and the quay, shown in our first illustration, is in course of being reclaimed for wharfage accommodation. There is a model of the breakwater in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. It is worthy of remark that vessels will be able to enter the harbour of Mormugao, and to lie alongside the quay wall, within one hour after leaving the open sea; which cannot be done at any other harbour in India, from Bombay to Calcutta, including Ceylon. At Bombay, vessels have to be taken into dock; and at Calcutta, before reaching the wharves, they have to go through the intricate navigation of the Hooghly. Mormugao is about two hundred and fifty miles south of Bombay, in the Portuguese territory, which extends sixty-three miles along the Malabar coast, and is bounded inland by the Bombay Presidency of British India. The two adjacent inlets of Mormugao Bay and Agoda Bay, with the estuaries of the rivers there discharging their waters into the sea, afford commodious harbours. The ancient Portuguese city of Goa, famed for the splendour of its churches, lies on the northern side of the river Raichol, near Panjim, or Nova Goa, the residence of the Governor-General of Portuguese India; and Mormugao, which lies to the south, and has hitherto been little more than a village, will no doubt, in view of the extended traffic which is likely to be developed there, become a considerable town. Plans are under the consideration of the Portuguese Government, who have shown every disposition to favour the undertaking, which, it is believed, will restore prosperity to that portion of the Portuguese dominions. His Excellency Senor Francisco De Amaral, who arrived in India last April, on his appointment as Governor-General of Goa, is a distinguished Portuguese gentleman of most enlightened views; he took an early opportunity of visiting the works in person, and expressed the great interest he felt in their success. The works were begun towards the end of 1881, and will be sufficiently advanced to be open for traffic at the end of the current year. The harbour, which will be more readily accessible than any now existing in India, will be connected by about fifty miles of railway, through Portuguese territory, with the Southern Mahratta system of railways, extending from Poona on the north to Mysore on the south, with branches, in all over 1050 miles in length. There remain, however, several tunnels on the Ghat section of the railway to be completed before through

traffic can be carried by rail; but bullock waggons will be utilised until the whole line is ready, which it is expected will be in 1887.

The next meet of the Coaching Club will take place on the 23rd inst., at the Magazine, Hyde Park, at half-past twelve.

About 14,000 Volunteers of the metropolitan district were under arms for drill last Saturday.

On the occasion of the "Fourth of June" celebration at Eton yesterday week, Dr. Warre, the Head Master, was presented with his portrait.

Sir John Gilbert—owing, it is said, to failing health—has resigned the presidency of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The Board of Trade returns for the last month show that during May 28,611 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, the number during May, 1885, having been 11,660.

Our illustration of the ceremonial opening of Putney New Bridge, on Saturday, the 29th ult., published last week, was from a photograph by Mr. C. J. Hinxman, an amateur.

Queen Eleanor's Cross at Waltham is to be restored, at a cost of about £1500. Of that sum upwards of £650 has been subscribed, amongst the donors being her Majesty the Queen.

New colours were presented last week to the Hampshire Militia by General Sir G. Willis. The old colours were placed in the hall of Winchester Castle.

A collection of pictures and porcelain from Blenheim Palace is, by order of the Duke of Marlborough, to be sold at auction by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, at their great rooms, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on the 26th inst.

A Select Committee of the House of Commons has thrown out that portion of the Salford Corporation Bill authorising the Corporation to contribute £250,000 towards the Manchester Ship Canal.

Last week 2537 births and 1235 deaths were registered in London, the births being 125 and deaths 308 below the average. The deaths included 41 from measles, 11 from scarlet fever, 13 from diphtheria, 42 from whooping-cough, 12 from enteric fever, and 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

A new Natural History and Field Club has just been founded for the county of Middlesex. Its objects will embrace the usual scientific branches; papers will be read; and in the summer, field meetings will be held. Lord Enfield, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, has accepted the office of president, and the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Ripon, Professor Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Professor W. H. Flower, Sir Frederick Abel, and Dr. Archibald Geikie, are to be vice-presidents. Lord Enfield has promised to attend the first meeting of the society, on July 3. Among the names already elected to the council are Messrs. W. Lant

Carpenter, Herbert Druce, J. N. Dunning, C. Fitch, G. Griffiths, F.R.S., R. B. Hayward, F.R.S., J. Logan Lobley, the Rev. Dr. C. M'Dowall, W. Simpson, the Rev. Dr. F. A. Walker, the Rev. J. Crane Wharton, and W. Mattieu Williams. Mr. Sydney T. Klein, of Clarence Lodge, Willesden, is for the time acting as secretary, to whom applications for membership should be addressed.

A number of journeymen tailors and machinists of East London met in the Pavilion Yard last Saturday to protest against the "sweating system." Among the resolutions passed was one in favour of reducing the hours of labour from eight in the morning till eight in the evening.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool during the past week with live stock and fresh meat on board from the United States and Canada, bringing a total supply of 1016 cattle and 7782 quarters of beef, whilst the preceding week's imports amounted to 1782 cattle, 18 sheep, and 8415 quarters of beef, showing a decrease in the arrivals of both cattle and fresh beef.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have consented to open, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 30th inst., the new out-patient department and nursing home of the Victoria Hospital for Children in Tito-street, Chelsea. Princess Louise, the patroness of the institution, has also signified her intention of being present.

The Council of the University College of Wales have awarded premiums offered for the best three designs for the new College of Aberystwith as follows:—First prize (£100), Mr. Fred. Bonham, Finsbury-pavement, London; second (£50), Seward and Thomas, Cardiff; third (£25), T. G. Williams, Liverpool.

The Council of the Society of Arts have, with the approval of the president, the Prince of Wales, awarded the Albert medal to Mr. Samuel Cunliffe Lister, "for the services he has rendered to the textile industries, especially by the substitution of mechanical wool-combing for hand-combing, and by the introduction and development of a new industry—the utilisation of waste silk."

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Lord Wolseley, Cardinal Manning, Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild, and many other ladies and gentlemen were present at a meeting, held on Tuesday, in the Conference-Room at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, to bid farewell to a party of emigrants about to proceed to South Africa, to form there a new colony bearing the name of "Wolseley."

A boat-race over the Thames championship course was rowed on the 3rd inst. for £200 a side, by George Bubeare, of Hammersmith, and Christian Nelson, of Australia. Bubeare won by two lengths and a half.—A sculling-match for £200, between Neil Matterson, of New South Wales, and D. Godwin, of Putney, took place on Monday between Putney and Mortlake, Matterson winning by two lengths.

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**HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN** has graciously condescended to patronise the FANCY FAIR to be held IN AID OF THE BUILDING FUND of the NEW-REIGNAL HEADQUARTERS LONDON SCOTTISH RIFLE VOLUNTEERS, in Jane-street, Buckingham-gate, S.W.

Notice is hereby given that the Building and the FAIR will be OPENED by his Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE on THURSDAY, JUNE 24, at Twelve noon; door open at 11.30 a.m. The FAIR will be continued on Friday, the 25th, and Saturday, the 26th, between Twelve noon and Nine p.m. Those who wish to aid in this patriotic undertaking are requested to communicate with the Honorary Secretary—Major the Hon. JOHN SCOTT NAPIER, L.S.R.V., Jane-street, Buckingham-gate, S.W.; to whom cheques may be made payable, and who will receive Articles intended for Sale.

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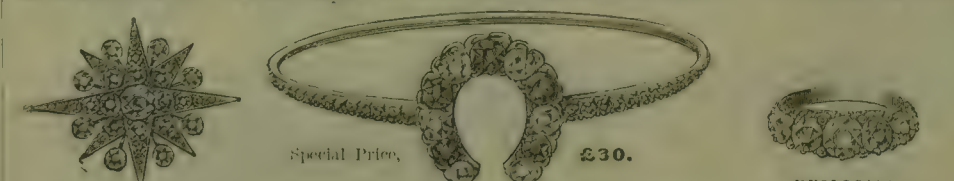
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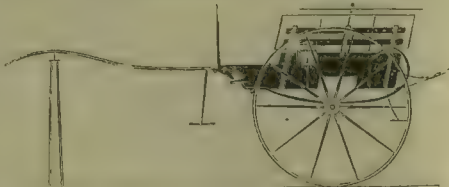
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## THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN.

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## AN EXPLANATION.

Mr. Rose, to do him justice, whether a matter was great or small, was always as good as his word. He accompanied Miss Dart to the bank, and drew for her forty notes of fifty each—an "operation" which would otherwise have embarrassed her not a little. On the way thither he talked of other things, and among them of the impending change in the *Millennium* announced by the *Parthenon*.

"Why Mr. Argand should have given it up," he said, "passes my comprehension."

"But I am afraid—at least, so the paper said,"—put in Miss Dart, hastily, "it is not a question of choice."

"He parts with the proprietorship, no doubt, upon compulsion," observed Mr. Rose, "and precious hard up he must be to do it, considering it is his own offspring, and such a promising child; but whoever has bought it is, in my opinion, a fool not to have secured Argand's services as editor, at any price. It is like buying a race-horse without securing the one jockey who can ride him."

Unpleasant as was the conversation to Miss Dart, she did not shrink from pursuing it. It struck her that from one so sagacious and conversant with affairs as her companion, she might learn something that might be of advantage to Mr. Argand.

"The gentleman who has bought it"—she began.

"Bought it?" broke in the publisher, with eager interest. "Then, it is absolutely disposed of, is it?"

"Well, no"; she hesitated, for she felt that she had no right to speak of the mortgage, "it has not actually changed hands."

"Now, look here, Miss Dart, we have done some business together which has been mutually satisfactory, I hope; now, perhaps, you can do me a good turn. Mr. Argand, as everybody knows, is uncommonly sweet upon you—I mean, of course, as an authoress," he hastily added, for poor Miss Dart had turned scarlet. "Any word from you will have his ear. Just you tell him that there is a person of your acquaintance who will give him, if he will still continue to edit it—upon terms, of course, to be agreed upon—a good round sum for the *Millennium*."

"How much?" inquired Miss Dart, meekly.

"Well, upon my word, young lady, that's coming to the point indeed. I can't say the sum without looking into the books; but I'll give him four years' purchase for it. Only, that must buy him, too. If he's a wise man, and things are as bad as they are said to be with him, he'll just go through the Bankruptcy Court, and start again as fresh as a two-year-old."

Here they reached the bank, where Mr. Rose transferred the sum agreed upon to Miss Dart, with many injunctions as to its safe custody. As he helped her into the cab he noticed that her limbs trembled.

"You must not be nervous," he whispered slyly; "you are not like a railway truck, ticketed with the amount you carry. Besides, it is I who ought to be nervous. Be very, very careful of your precious life, for if anything should happen to you I should never forgive myself."

As Mr. Rose took off his hat with an encouraging smile, Miss Dart felt that she was parting from a friend; if he was somewhat too wise in his generation to be numbered among the children of light, he had nevertheless something in common with them.

Lizzie drove straight home to the New-road to deposit her treasure in safety, and there, not a little to her relief, she found

Aunt Jane. The sense of responsibility while action lay before her, she could bear; but now all was done that could be done, and, as she hoped, for the best, she felt the burden of it almost too much for her strength. With another, it is true, it could not be shared; but the consciousness of having a friend with her, and not being absolutely alone in that time of trouble and uncertainty, relieved her wonderfully.

"How good of you it was to come by so early a train!" she exclaimed, as she embraced the little widow. "I thought it was arranged that you were to wait for the afternoon express?"

"How could I wait, my darling," was the affectionate reply, "when it was possible to meet you earlier? You may be sure it was no pleasure to me to stay at Casterton with the knowledge that you were alone—and—and in trouble, in London."

"But you wished good-bye to our dear friends at the

concerned; if we are content, we are happy; and I am always content with you—not, of course," added Aunt Jane, hastily, "that I am so foolish or so selfish as to imagine that I can always be with you."

"There is only one thing that shall ever part us," said Lizzie, quietly, "and that is death."

"You must not say that—you must not say that!" put in Aunt Jane, with a little sob. "When I said I am content to be with you, I should have added that I should also be content, wherever I am, if I am assured you are happy."

"You dear old thing!" whispered Lizzie, caressing her. "It is just like you to say so; but it is also, I hope, like me to be as good as my word."

Aunt and niece sat together at the open window—for the afternoon was extremely hot—exchanging only now and then a word with one another, but each busy with her own thoughts, until it was dinner time.

"I am going out this evening for an hour or so," said Lizzie; "but I shall not be far off."

Aunt Jane undertook at once that she was going to Harewood-square; doubtless, too, she guessed that she had already been there; but not a single question did she put upon the matter. She had not many gifts, but she had that golden one of silence, which, in some circumstances, outweighs all others.

She did not even offer her escort when Lizzie rose to put on her bonnet, though her eyes anxiously watched the cab along the street, until it disappeared at the turning into the square.

Miss Argand was at home and alone, as she had promised to be; and though her face was weary and sad, it brightened up a little at the sight of her visitor.

"Let us come into the back drawing-room," she said, "it is cooler there." It was also darker, and there were traces of recent tears upon the poor lady's cheeks, which she was unwilling should be seen. The heat had increased; every door and window in the two rooms was open; there was hardly a breath of air.

"I think we shall have thunder presently," she said, wearily; though, in truth, she cared nothing whether it thundered or not.

"Has anything happened since I saw you, my dear Miss Argand? Any change, I mean, in your brother's affairs?"

"None whatever, dear; we are only a little nearer the edge of the precipice, that is all. What makes me so wretched is that I cannot convince Felix that this trouble affects me on his account, and hardly on my own at all. He reproaches himself with having ruined me; whereas I had nothing to lose. It is his own little fortune that has gone, which he had a perfect right to spend in any way

he chose—only, the way he chose has been so unlucky."

"Supposing the mortgage of £2000 on the *Millennium* to be paid off, he would still, as I understand, have that in his possession, would he not?"

"I suppose so. But what is the good of supposing, my dear?"

"Still, there is no harm in it," said Lizzie, smiling. "Even Euclid, who is not an imaginative writer, admits that much: 'Let it be granted,' he says."

"Miss Dart, dear Miss Dart," interrupted Miss Argand, with agitation, "you would never play with my feelings, I know. You have some good news for us."

"I have got £2000, at all events," and with that she produced a little parcel from her hand-bag and laid it on the table.

"Great Heavens! what a wretch I have been," said Miss Argand, bitterly. "I am a very wicked woman!"

Lizzie stared, as well she might. "Go on, my dear, don't mind what I am saying. Who has obtained this money, and under what conditions? Everything will depend on that."

"There are no conditions. It is my own money; now it is your brother's," and she pushed the parcel to her across the table.



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

It mattered not what he called her; for Lizzie, overcome with emotion and fatigue and terror, had fallen in a dead faint.

Look-out, and explained to them why it was absolutely necessary I should have come away?"

"I did my best, my dear, returned the widow, simply; "but I am not good at explanation, and especially when I don't understand the thing myself. Mary, however, is so clever, that that didn't signify. She comprehended the whole matter at once, and said she would have done just the same had she been in your place."

Here Aunt Jane stole a half-frightened look at her niece, who, however, was looking out of the window, with a thoughtful and preoccupied face. "Dear Mary!" in tenderest accents, was all that she murmured in reply. Presently she inquired, after a long silence, "Did you tell them about Battle Hill?"

"I did not mean to do so; but Mr. Leyden came in, and took it for granted that they knew it. If you had only seen their delight at the news, my darling! I do not believe, if the place had become their own, that it could have given them greater pleasure."

"Alas, Aunt Jane, I have bad news for them, and for you! It must be years before we go to live at Casterton, if we ever do at all. I am so very, very sorry to have raised your hopes only to destroy them."

"It is of no sort of consequence, my darling, so far as I am



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"Your money!" cried Miss Argand. "Alas! then it is of no use; he will never, never take it. And it is I, fool that I am, who have prevented it. Listen to me, you dear good girl, and forgive me, if you can."

Nevertheless, for a moment or two she did not speak; but, like one who is contending with acute physical pain, pressed her open hands against her face, and rocked herself to and fro.

"Felix and I have lived together all our lives," she began. "At first, when we were both left orphans, and he was very young, I believe I did my best as an elder sister by him. I would have done more, if I could, for he was and is dearer to me than all the world beside; what I did do was not much—yet he has never forgotten it. After a few years, our positions became reversed; and since then he has been my protector and the provider of all my needs. My influence over him has, however, never ceased. If I had exerted it wisely, he would this day be the happiest of men; but my selfishness and want of sympathy have ruined him."

"You do yourself wrong, Miss Argand," said Lizzie, in grave but tender tones. "Whatever may have been wanting in you, it was not want of sympathy; and whatever mistake you may have committed, it was, as you thought, for his benefit."

Miss Argand shook her head. "No, dear; I had sympathy with his work, sympathy even with his ambition; but where the true happiness of his heart was concerned, I had none; his dearest wishes were counter to my own, and, therefore, I opposed them. I tried to persuade myself that I was acting for his good, I know now that I was doing it for my own gratification; my motive was not love, but jealousy."

Here the thunder began to peal, though from a cloudless sky, and the speaker paused, as though to listen to it. The two women sat together for a little in silence, each looking before her thoughtfully, but with eyes averted from one another. There was no occasion for either to read the other's face; for the very thought of her companion's heart was known to her.

"When he first spoke to me of your writings, Lizzie," continued Miss Argand, "I felt almost as interested in you as he did himself; I had a genuine admiration for your genius, I looked forward with pleasure to carrying out his wish that I should be of friendly service to you. Until I saw you, I forget now what sort of a picture I had made of you in my mind; but it was something very unlike yourself. When I beheld you, young and beautiful, and called to mind the terms in which my brother had spoken of the qualities of your mind, I feared, and justly, the effect you would produce upon him. I called upon you with the kindest intentions; and you did nothing to alter them, yet when I left your presence it was as a rival and as an enemy. I even persuaded myself that you were an adventuress, from whose charms it behoved me to guard my brother by all means in my power. You may have noticed, perhaps, how coldly I received you; how rarely I invited you to our house; and how few were the opportunities I gave you of being alone with Felix. In the end, I should have failed, of course; but if I had assisted him, as I should have done from the beginning, all would yet have gone well." Lizzie was about to speak, but her companion stopped her. "I want no confession from your lips, my dear; nothing that you could say could alter my convictions as to the feelings you entertained for Felix. The eyes of Jealousy are even keener than those of Love; and it is for me to confess, and not for you. I say that in those early days, but for my secret opposition and selfish conduct, two hearts would have been made happy; and all that I could do to hinder it would have been useless long before this, but for the change that took place in my brother's means. It may seem incredible to you, but at first our common misfortune was welcome to me—because, from what I knew of him, I knew it would prevent him declaring his love. Thanks to me, while he was prosperous he delayed to do so; and now that he is in adversity his lips are sealed for ever. Even if you had been twice as poor as once you were, he would not ask you to share his ruin; but, being prosperous and famous, and with a fortune before you, it is out of the question that he should think of you otherwise than as something beyond his reach, and lost to him for ever. It is I that have done it! It is I that have wrecked his life! Oh! Lizzie, Lizzie, forgive me;"

"I have nothing to forgive, Miss Argand," said Lizzie, gently. "I do not wonder that you were unwilling that Felix Argand should throw himself away upon a girl like me."

"Like you? There is none like you! I know it now, too late, too late! He will never take that money from your hands, never! never!"

"It is in my hands no longer," was the quiet reply. "Nor need he know that it has ever been in them. Hush! I heard the front door close."

"No! It was the thunder. Felix will not be home for hours. He comes home late. He walks about the streets to tire himself out, to get the sleep that anxiety denies him. From whom could we persuade him that this money comes, unless from you? Who is there but yourself who would be so generous?"

"There is no generosity about it. There are many persons—Mr. Rose, the publisher, for one—who would advance the sum, and more, upon the security of the *Millennium*, if only Mr. Argand would consent to remain its editor. He has been too hasty in this matter, and too hopeless, and too doubtful of his great gifts and reputation."

"I believe that is true," murmured the other. "Let him take it, then, from Mr. Rose, if he is too proud to take it from me. There will be no obligation on his side, you may assure him; it is only I who will be the loser. I had promised myself a great pleasure; but that is over" (her voice broke down). "I think I will go home."

She rose, but paused, with a frightened look on her face; and, following the direction of her eyes, Miss Argand beheld a form standing in the doorway between the two rooms.

"It is Felix!" she cried out.

"Yes, it is I," he answered, in a hoarse voice. "I did not know that anyone was here; I have heard something that was not meant for my ears. Miss Dart!"

"Call her Lizzie! Call her Lizzie! She loves you, Felix!" exclaimed Miss Argand, wildly.

It mattered not what he called her; for Lizzie, overcome with emotion and fatigue and terror, had fallen forward in a dead faint, and he had but just time to catch her in his arms.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### TELLING THE NEWS.

Whatever cause Miss Argand had to reproach herself for what she had done of *malice prepense* in separating two fond hearts, she had, in the impulse of the moment, made amends for it. When a gentleman has been informed that the object of his affection loves him, and finds her in his arms, all explanation becomes mere surplusage. The fact of her being in a dead faint by no means detracts from the satisfactoriness of the situation. He lingers (in manner that would never be permitted at sea) over the operation of "bringing her to," and the less adroit he is at it, the more he has cause to congratulate

himself. When she comes to herself, he is pretty confident that she will come to *him*; and so, in fact, it turned out in the present case. When the next flash of lightning searched the room in its swift but comprehensive fashion, it found the editor and his contributor sitting hand-in-hand alone together—Miss Argand having very judiciously withdrawn herself directly there was no further need of her services—in the apparent enjoyment of an entire mutual understanding. Nevertheless, there were certain details to be inquired into. What was that great pleasure, for example, Felix had accidentally heard his Lizzie say that she had promised herself, but which was denied to her, as it appeared, through some fault of his? And what was he to take from Mr. Rose which he was too proud to take from her?

"It was only a little parcel, which Miss Argand had got in her possession," she replied.

"Some MS., I suppose," he said, not indifferently—very far from indifferently—but without the slightest interest in the question; he had put it, in fact, only with the object of hearing her talk, as we give sugar to a canary to make it sing.

"Not MS.," she said, "Print—or rather, engravings."

"A little present," he murmured, "no doubt, to smooth the way. I have just found a communication from Mr. Rose upon my study table which may have a considerable influence upon my unhappy fortunes, and which, indeed, has emboldened me to declare what, however great had been the temptation, it would otherwise have behoved me to conceal. Dear Lizzie, I am no longer a penniless man, and have even a prospect before me, such as I had not an hour ago, of at least a competent income. Mr. Rose has offered to purchase the *Millennium* on very liberal terms, and to retain me as its editor at a handsome salary."

"He has lost no time in that little transaction," thought Lizzie to herself, with a secret smile, but what she said was, "That is very nice."

"Even as matters stand, however, and though I were less unworthy of you in all other ways, I am a very, very bad match for you, my dear girl."

"Indeed!" remarked Lizzie, and never was that lukewarm word more charmingly expressed; it was a really exquisite combination of interest and scepticism, and seemed to invite any amount of information of the same amazing and incredible nature.

"Still," continued Mr. Argand, modestly, "I am not the pauper I thought I was; or, I should rather say, that as a literary commodity (though infinitely less valuable than a popular author like Mr. John Javelin) I fetch more in the market than I ever ventured to suspect."

"You are placed, in fact, in the same position as you were before, except that you have exchanged mortgagees?"

"Well, not exactly, my darling," sighed Mr. Argand; "you don't quite understand the matter."

"I think I do, Sir. The idea of you contradicting me at such a very early stage as this!"

"Indeed, my dear Lizzie, I only wish you were right, but the fact is, I shall, exchange, not mortgagees, but the position of a proprietor for that of an editor. My poor *Millennium* will pass out of my possession, though not out of my hands, for good and all."

"But if you were to pay off the present mortgage, would not that be better than selling?"

"Why, of course, it would; only unfortunately I have not got the money. To be sure, I might have borrowed it, but I have been so troubled and worried by other things that I did not think of that plan in time."

"If you could, however, effect such an arrangement with anyone, you would—supposing the *Millennium* kept its value—be under no obligation to him?"

"None whatever, since I should, of course, pay a good rate of interest for the advance."

"Very good; then behold your new mortgagee. Here is the money with which to pay off the old one."

"The money! You must be mad, Lizzie. I am a little out of my mind myself; but then I have something to be mad about: there is nothing to set your fine brain in a ferment with happiness. That you are a fortune to me, I am well convinced; you may be even worth a great deal to the publishers; but that even 'The Usher' should have produced you £2000 I must really decline to believe."

"It seems to me that you are very rude, Felix; and again I say it is very early to be rude," said Lizzie, with the most delicious little pout. "What right have you to underestimate the worth of my novel, Sir? When you thought it was somebody else's you praised it enough; but that was because you had got it for your own magazine, I suppose."

"Oh dear, dear! here is a termagant!"

"And there is a sceptic. I don't believe your name is Felix: I believe it's Thomas. Perhaps you will open that parcel and count those notes."

"Oh, Lizzie! is it really true? What pains and trouble have you not undergone for my sake. You must have moved heaven and earth to get all this money."

"I did move a publisher," admitted Lizzie, ruefully.

"However, there it is."

"And do you really suppose that I am going to take it?"

"That depends upon whether you are going to take *me*—which I understood was your intention. If not, and you leave me to wear the willow, then, even as a deserted mortgagee, I have your own word for it that I shall put you under no obligation."

"What have I done to deserve such a woman as this?" murmured Felix Argand.

"Heaps of misdemeanours. In the first place, you lost your temper because I did not choose you to know that I had written a novel."

"Lizzie, I see it all now; you concealed its authorship in order—since you had heard that I was in difficulties—to let the *Millennium* have it at a cheap rate. You are certainly the most self-sacrificing of mortals."

"That is not Mr. Rose's view of my character, I do assure you."

"Never mind Mr. Rose just now, my pet, my darling!" murmured Felix, caressingly. "How shall I find a name endearing enough, and which has not been spoilt by ignoble use, by which to call you?"

"Call me your mortgagee," suggested Lizzie, laughing.

"That will have the merit both of truth and originality. I don't suppose anyone ever fell in love with his mortgagee before. Seriously, my dear Felix, I shall not feel free to be happy with you till you have got rid of all your embarrassments."

"I don't care twopence about my embarrassments," said Felix, snapping his fingers. The observation was philosophic enough; but the speaker had anything but the appearance of a philosopher. He looked so bright and gay that he might have been the editor of *Punch*, rather than of the *Millennium*. He had suddenly grown ten years younger.

"It is fortunate that one of us, at least, has a turn for practical matters," remarked Lizzie, with great gravity.

"But not when we are alone together for the first time, like this," pleaded her lover, tenderly.

"It would be only charitable to remember that your sister is also alone," observed Lizzie—not, however, immediately:

there was an "interval allowed for refreshment." "I should never forgive myself if I caused you to neglect her."

"You will never cause me to do anything but what is kind and affectionate," murmured Felix, more tenderly than ever.

"Yes; but I don't mean what is affectionate to *me*, Sir—How terribly it thunders!"

"I hear only your sweet voice. Joanna likes nothing so much as listening to thunder—quite alone."

By way of comment to this audacious speech, there was here a most demonstrative rattle at the outer door, followed by a warning cough, a rustling of silk, and then the appearance of Miss Argand herself. "I am very sorry," said she, "to interrupt any conversation upon private business—but the fact is, I dare not stay by myself any longer. I thought that last clap would have split the house!"

"What does it signify?" exclaimed Felix, peevishly. "We have only got it for five weeks more."

"He is quite irrational, and not at all accountable for what he says," Miss Argand, explained Lizzie, apologetically.

"And I don't at all wonder at it; only, you must never again call me Miss Argand, my dear." She held out her arms, and Lizzie flew into them. "Has he forgiven me, my darling, as you have?" she whispered.

"He has no remembrance of anything but your love and devotion to him," was the confident reply.

The tears came into Joanna's eyes.

"Felix, dear Felix, I congratulate you with all my heart!" The brother and sister embraced tenderly; and then—

"What are you about, Felix?" remonstrated Joanna. "You have no right to be congratulating *her*."

"Yes, I have—on having found a sister," explained Felix.

"He may be irrational, but he retains his presence of mind," remarked Joanna, amid great laughter.

It is probable that three such happy people were not to be found that night in District W.

By some mistake—which, as it turned out, was a fortunate one—the gentleman from Melbourne had not kept his appointment; so that Mr. Argand had entered into no compact with him. They talked of their future, which circumstances had so brightly altered; and the hours vanished on golden wings. Suddenly, Lizzie started up with a remorseful cry. "I have quite forgotten dear Aunt Jane!" she exclaimed.

"How frightened she will be at my being so late!"

They tried to comfort her, though not to stop her; but it was evident that she was much distressed. "If I have given her a moment's pain," she cried, "I am the wickedest of women!"

"But it's wicked of you to want to leave me!" urged the enamoured one.

"Lizzie is quite right," said Joanna. "She will not make the worse wife to you, Felix, because, even when you are by her side, she thinks of one to whom she owes both love and duty."

"Nor will he make the worse husband, Joanna, because he does, and will always do, the like," said Lizzie, quickly.

"That was very prettily said, my dear; but how sharp you are already at defending him! I thought you had cut my nose off. Now, I shouldn't wonder if Felix saw you home."

Felix did see her home. As she had expected, the lights showed through the windows of the sitting-room—a proof that her aunt was keeping vigil for her. "Will you not come up, Felix?" she said, hesitatingly, as they stood at the door. He did not think it necessary to reply in words. She led the way, a few steps before him, lest Aunt Jane, unexpectant of callers, should have laid aside her cap, without which mortal man had not beheld her for twenty years.

"I hope I have not frightened you, Aunt Jane, by being so late?"

"Not the least in the world," returned that lady, with a quiet smile.

"You will be surprised to hear that I have brought you a gentleman visitor."

"I am not at all surprised, my dear," was the unexpected rejoinder. And the next moment Mr. Argand and the little widow were shaking hands together as though they would shake each other's arms off. Independently of the tears that stood in her kind eyes, it was easy to see that she thoroughly comprehended the whole situation.

"And how did you ever come to guess our secret?" asked Lizzie, after her aunt had tenderly embraced and congratulated her.

"I did not guess it, my dear. I am too old and too stupid; but a little bird informed me of it this morning."

"But we didn't know it ourselves until this evening."

"Yes, you did; only you hadn't told it to one another. When that horrid paragraph in the *Parthenon* made you jump up and run off to the railway—for she walked every step of the way, Mr. Argand—I said to myself, 'this is friendship indeed!'

But when I told Mary what had happened, she had a much better explanation to offer. She is in love herself, you see—though, poor dear, she will never wear the orange-flower—and jumped at once to the right conclusion. 'You may be quite certain,' she said, 'that Lizzie is in love with Mr. Argand'; while as to Mr. Argand being in love with you, Lizzie," added Aunt Jane, naïvely, "why, how could it be otherwise?"

"A very just observation," observed Felix, gravely.

"Well, under the circumstances, my dear, I made up my mind not to expect you home to-night before I saw you; and when I did see you it did not astonish me to find who was your companion."

"You are like the dear old travelling dervish that sums up the corroborative evidence in the Eastern tales, to prove that the lost camel has only one eye," said Lizzie, laughing; "and you must be as tired too, with your unaccustomed journey and your troubles about my poor self, as any dervish."

Felix took the hint at once, and (after certain familiar formalities) his leave.

"He is a good kind man, Lizzie," was Aunt Jane's comment upon him, "and as worthy of you as any man is likely to be. Now tell me, my darling, all about it."

There were reasons that made this a difficult task, for Lizzie, of course, wished to conceal that she had made any sacrifice for Mr. Argand. But, considering what Aunt Jane had been to her, and also that she had already had cause to complain of being denied her confidence, she felt compelled to narrate the whole transaction with Mr. Rose. She had her reward, for the good widow, while warmly appreciating its revelation, did not understand one word of the matter.

"I am very stupid, I know, my dear; but though I see what an excellent arrangement has been made for everyone, I don't comprehend how you have managed to change paper, which is not bank notes, and which has not even been written upon, into gold!"

"Well, in a word, my dear, I've mortgaged myself. It sounds like an accident, doesn't it? But, I assure you, it's a most satisfactory arrangement."

"You dear, clever creature! That I'm sure it is, or you would never have made it."

(To be continued.)

Mr. John Burr having resigned the presidency of the Society of British Artists, Mr. J. M. N. Whistler has been duly elected president.





THE COLONIAL VISITORS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS: MALAYS MANNING THE YARDS OF THE P. AND O. STEAM-SHIP 'ROME'.



VISITORS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS.

The scene represented in our large Engraving is that of the performance of a well-known nautical manoeuvre, on board one of the finest passenger steam-ships lying in the Royal Albert Docks, at North Woolwich, in honour of a large party of Colonial and Indian visitors. It was on Wednesday week that these guests, who have come to England for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, were entertained at the Royal Albert Docks by the chairman and directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. More than two hundred ladies and gentlemen, who availed themselves of the invitation, embarked in the forenoon at the Temple Pier. When the docks were reached, the Lascar crews manned the yards of the Peninsular and Oriental steam-ships, which, in common with all the other shipping, were decorated with bunting. These Indian sailors, in their white overalls, turbans, coloured tunics, and scarves, looked very picturesque. The steam-boat made a tour through the docks amid the splendid ocean liners lying there. The guests were then distributed between the Rome, the Paramatta, and the Chusan, three of the Peninsular and Oriental fleet, which lay conveniently side by side. These vessels are between four and five thousand horse power, with a registered tonnage of about five thousand tons. The band appropriately welcomed our visitors with "Rule Britannia." Some time was spent in examining these magnificent ships, under the conduct of Mr. Sutherland, M.P., the chairman, Mr. Bourke, M.P., and other directors. At the lunch subsequently but one toast was proposed—"The Queen"—and this was received with extraordinary cordiality by the company. After a suitable interval the party returned by river to town, arriving at the Temple Pier about six o'clock. Lord Sudeley, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., Mr. Woodall, M.P., Sir C. Tupper, of Canada, and Sir S. Samuel, of Australia, were among the guests.

*Martin Ffrench* (three vols.), by John Bradshaw (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington), is a story which keeps ever constant to its title; and the career of Martin Ffrench is followed out from the time he is a boy, of an age to play in the wonderful eleven of Chudleigh, which possessed nine left-handed batsmen and two or three dangerous left-handed bowlers, to the moment when the reader bids him farewell on the terrace—a happy son, a happy husband, and a happy father. Sundry young men and maidens cross the reader's path, and fall in love and out again, and transfer their affections from one to another with a facility a little bewildering to the ordinary mind. Unfortunately, no character in the book is thoroughly or carefully developed: the general impression left on the reader's mind when the book is finally closed being vagueness. The story has, however, a good moral tendency; and it is refreshing to find, in these days of open scoffing at religion, an author inculcating a nobler standard of right and wrong than the sceptics hold forth, and one who has, moreover, an evident appreciation of more honourable things than they have who study merely the gratification of their immediate likes and dislikes. "Martin Ffrench" is a novel which could be confidently placed in the hand of any reader, possessing, as it does, in addition to its good tone, a considerable amount of amusement and interest in its love episodes, which are many and varied.

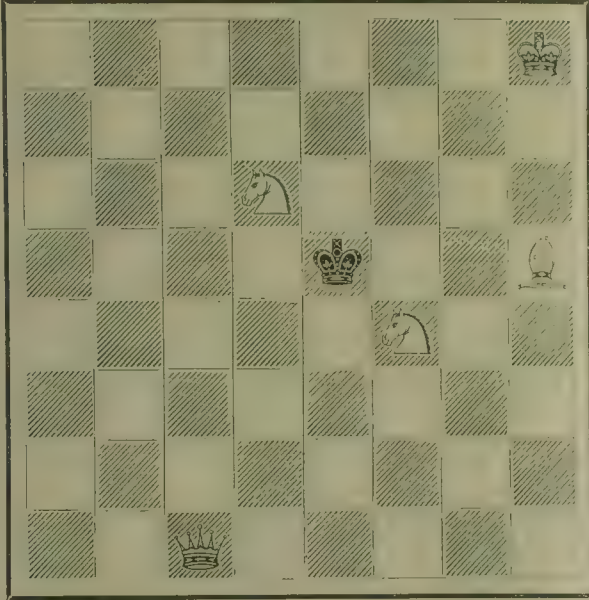
CHESS.

EMMO (Darlington).—We agree with Dr. Gold's judgment of the merit of No. 2185. Look at No. 2200 again; there is more in it than you have seen.  
E J W W (Croydon).—Letter received and contents noted. One of the problems was marked for early insertion. We shall hope to hear from you again.  
PETERHOUSE (Eastbourne).—Thanks for your letter. Is Mr. S. at Eastbourne?  
T L (Dublin).—The notice shall appear next week. Letter addressed to you through the post.  
A M (Montreal).—Correct solutions, from whatever source received, are always acknowledged. Yours have not, hitherto, come within that category.  
A S C (Balsize Park).—See answer to A M. No. 2201 cannot be solved in the way you propose.  
W E H (Bath).—Many thanks for the report.  
C E R.—You must have affixed a wrong number to the solution. No. 2197 cannot be solved by way of 1. Kt to Q Kt 4th.  
J H B (Strood).—The answer to 22. R to K B 6th is 23. Q takes Kt.  
W W (St. Leonards).—Thanks for the reminder. It shall soon appear.  
SOLVERS are informed that Mr. Planck's Problem cannot be solved by way of 1. R to K R 3rd.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2190, 2191, and 2192, received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of Nos. 2193, 2194, 2195, and 2196, and Mrs. ROWLAND'S PROBLEM from Fuela; of No. 2196 from Joseph Beardshaw; of No. 2196 from F C Sibbald (Ontario); of Nos. 2196 and 2197, from Amateur (Havanna) and An Old Lady (Jersey, U.S.A.); of No. 2197 from John Coonan (Dublin); of No. 2198 from F E Gibbins (Tiffis); of Nos. 2199, 2200, and 2201, and Mrs. ROWLAND'S PROBLEM from J Pierce; of No. 2199 from John Coonan and Thomas Chown; of No. 2200 from F Brown, Emily Frazer, S Kiddy, C E P., and W R Baillem; of Mr. PLANCK'S PROBLEM from An Old Lady (New Jersey, U.S.A.).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2201 received from H Reeve, Julia Short, G W Law, R Tweddell, E Featherstone, E E H C Oswald, L Falcon (Antwerp), J C Bremner, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R L Southwell, A C Hunt, Shadforth, L Desanges, Nerina, Otto Fuller (Ghent), R H Brooks, H Lucas, L Wyman, E Louden, W R Baillem, Joseph Ainsworth, S J, Jupiter Junior, R Wardell, P Marshall, Comp (Lynn), E Casella (Paris), N S Harris, W Hillier, Ben Nevis, C Barragh, J E M F, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), Lewis Nathan, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Edmund Field, W Biddle, Jack, B R Wood, S Bullen, Peterhouse, Oliver Icingia, J A Schmucke, Thomas Chown, Venator, R Bellups, and T G (Ware).

PROBLEM No. 2203.  
By W. BIDDLE.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

The match between Messrs. BIRD and BURN was brought to a conclusion on the 4th inst. with the score at nine all. As in the case of the late match for the championship, it was not thought worth while on either side to carry a victory by a majority of one game in nineteen, and it was, therefore, agreed that the match should be declared drawn. The following is the final game of the match:—

(Irregular Opening.)  
WHITE (Mr. Burn). BLACK (Mr. Bird).  
1. P to Q 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K 3rd P to K B 3rd  
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K 3rd  
4. B to K 2nd P to Q Kt 3rd  
5. P to B 4th B to K 2nd  
6. Castles Castles  
7. Kt to B 3rd Q to K 5th  
8. Q to Kt 3rd Kt to K sq  
9. R to Q sq Q to K 3rd  
10. B to Q 2nd Q to Kt 3rd  
11. Q to R B sq Kt to Q 2nd  
12. B to K sq  
13. P to Q 5th at once would have been better; the move in the text loses time.  
14. P to Q 5th Q to B 5th  
15. Q to B 2nd Q Kt to B 4th  
16. B P takes P B P takes K P  
17. Kt takes P P takes P  
18. P takes B B takes Kt  
19. B to B 2nd Q to K 3rd  
20. P to Q Kt 4th Kt takes B  
21. K takes Kt B takes P (ch)  
22. K to K sq Q R to K sq  
Much better than winning the exchange. The finish is in masterly style.  
23. R to Kt sq Kt to K 5th  
24. R to Kt 3rd B to B 7th (ch)  
25. K to B sq Kt to Kt 6th (ch)  
26. P takes Kt B takes P  
27. K to Kt sq R takes Kt, and White resigned.

The widow of the late Mr. Horwitz, whose problems and end-games have delighted the chess world for nearly half a century, is desirous of disposing of a number of her late husband's works in oil and water colour, before her departure for America. The pictures can be viewed at 27, Parkhurst-road, Camden-road, between the hours of eleven and five up to the 14th inst.

The return-match between Bristol and Clifton and Bath and District was played at the Castle Hotel, Bath, on June 27 last. The first match of the season between these clubs was played at Clifton on April 10, resulting in an overwhelming victory for Bath. In the second contest Bath was again successful, but not so decisively as in the first, the score on the last occasion being—Bath, 11½; Bristol, 9½. The following table shows the pairing of the players, and their respective scores:—

BATH.		BRISTOL.	
Mr. E. Thorold	.. 1	Mr. D. Y. Mills	.. 0
Mr. W. H. K. Pollock	.. 1 0	Mr. N. Fedden	.. 0 1
Mr. J. Burt	.. 0 1	Mr. W. H. Harsant	.. 1 0
Mr. P. Morley	.. 0½ 0½	Rev. G. H. D. Jones	.. 0½ 0½
Mr. J. Pollock	.. 1	Mr. L. J. Williams	.. 0
Mr. J. D. Roberts	.. 1 1	Mr. C. Boorne	.. 0 0
Mr. T. H. D. May	.. 0½	Rev. N. Tibbitts	.. 0½
Mr. A. Rumbold	.. 0½	Rev. J. E. Vernon	.. 1½
Mr. W. E. Hill	.. 0 0½	Rev. W. P. Buncombe	.. 1 1½
Mr. F. A. Hill	.. 0½ 0½	Mr. O. Hunt	.. 0½ 0½
Mr. S. Highfield	.. 1	Mr. W. Berry	.. 0
Mr. G. B. Caple	.. 1	Mr. T. G. Wright	.. 0
Mr. W. Moscardi	.. 0	Mr. W. Hall	.. 1
Miss Thorold	.. 1 0	Mr. F. Rickman	.. 0 1
Total	.. 11½	Total	.. 9½

Our old friend *Bell's Life*—whose demise is just announced—should not be allowed to pass away without an expression of regret from chessplayers. It was the first newspaper that published a weekly chess column, beginning early in the "forties," and continuing almost without a break to 1870. During that period the chess department was conducted by the late Mr. George Walker with conspicuous ability and commendable success. Mr. Walker's style of comment upon the play in the games he published was in accord with the tone of the paper—sportive. It was notable for a flavour of classic slang that was extremely disagreeable to his adversaries, and highly amusing to their friends. Underneath all this, however, could be discerned the learned master of chess in all its branches. *Bell's Life* first appeared in 1822, and the last number was published last Saturday.

Some most successful experiments have been recently made with the Harden "Star" hand-grenade fire extinguisher.

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

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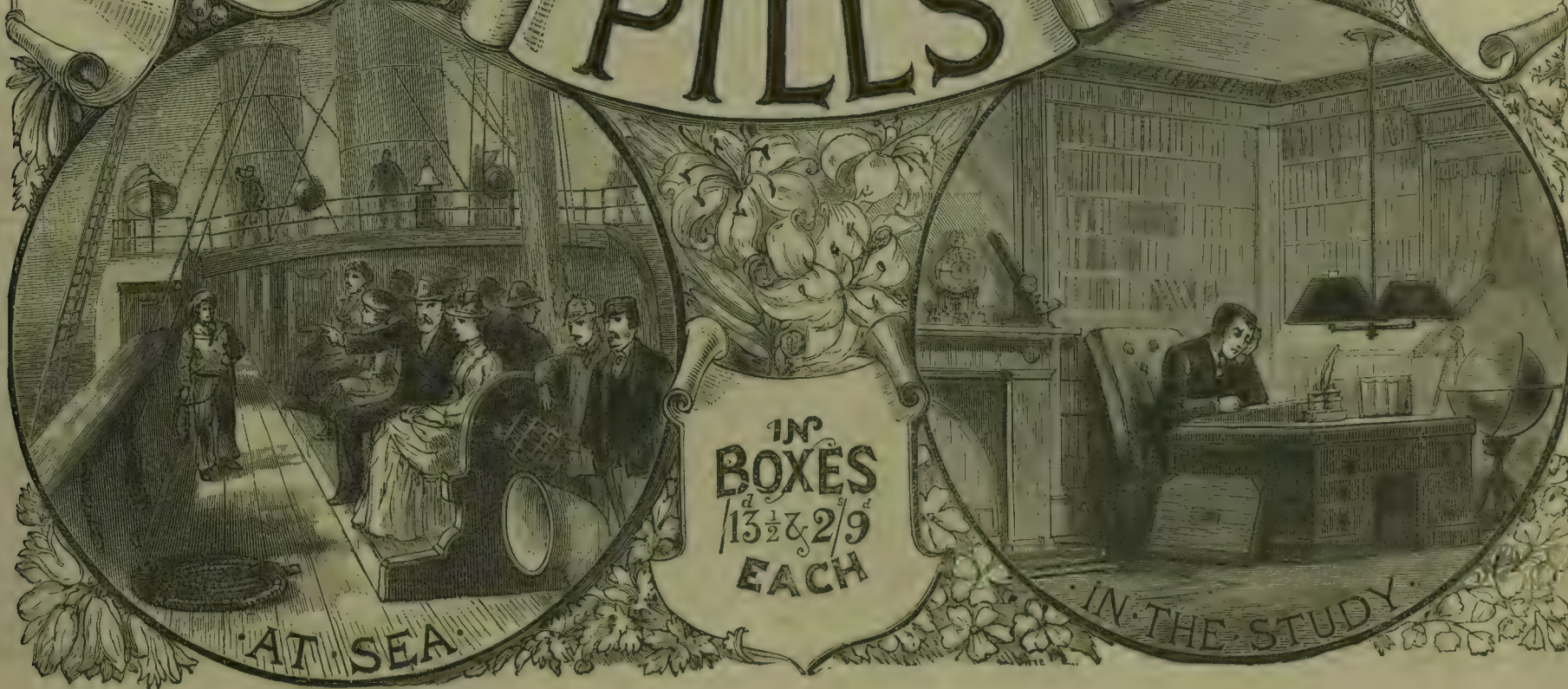
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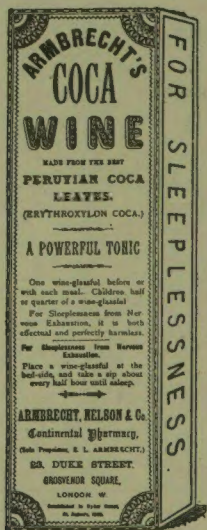
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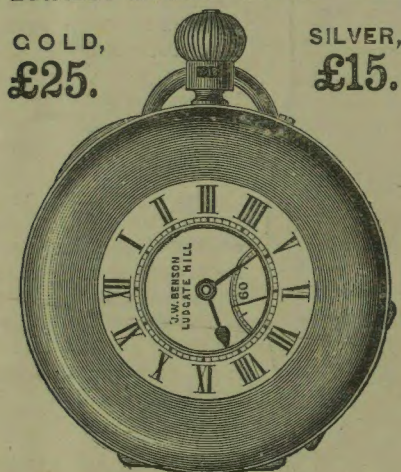
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NEW CATALOGUE READY JANUARY, 1886.

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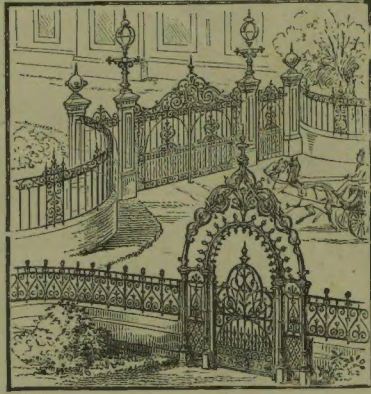
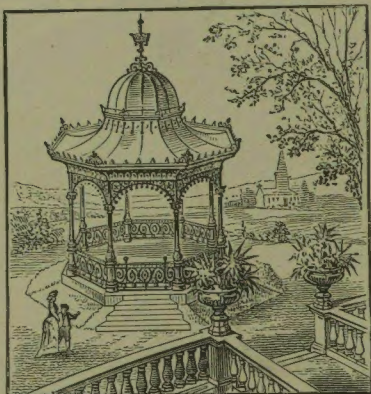
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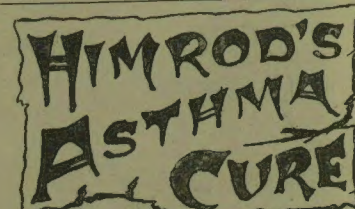
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## THE SOLACE OF SUMMER.

Slow to come and quick to go, the Englishman's summer emphatically commands him to make the most of it while it lasts, and, as a rule, there is no one more fully desirous of doing so. It may be questioned whether he is at all times quite prepared to fall into that mode of life which enables him really to enjoy to the utmost such pleasure and solace as, rightly understood, bright skies, long days, and soft airs bring with them. The nine months' winter and three months' summer which, roundly speaking, form the proportionate division of his seasons, account, in a measure, for the reluctance with which he gives up fires, great-coats, dinner by candle-light, and all the sombre comforts to which rough weather and a comparatively indoor life have condemned him for so long. These things he has become so accustomed to that he cannot believe his eyes, or any of his senses, when he begins to feel the genial influence of real hot sunshine. With all his adaptability to circumstances, his proverbial tendency to grumble makes him inclined at first to resent the change of temperature, and he will tell you he doesn't like it, that cold weather suits him best, and so on. If he be very obstinate, and you happen to ask him if he is going out of town, he will probably quote Sydney Smith, and say, with the witty and genial Canon, "The summer and the country have no charms for me: I look forward anxiously to the return of bad weather, coal fires, and good society in a crowded city. I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave. . . . Flowers, green turf, and birds are delusions; they all afford slight gratification, but are not worth an hour of rational conversation; and rational conversation in sufficient quantities is only to be had from the congregation of a million of people in one spot."

However closely these words may represent the feelings and sentiments of the average Londoner, happily they are not, we believe, shared by the great bulk of the English people, for there is no nation under the sun more really appreciative of the country in fine weather, or of an outdoor life generally, than the British. The climate is responsible, as it is in all countries, for the character of the inhabitants, and in a large degree for their customs, and if we were constantly familiar with the skies of southern climes, and could reverse the division of our year by looking forward to nine months of summer and three of winter, we should show ourselves quite as capable of passing our lives in the open air as the denizens of semi-tropical lands. As it is, even after the first fit of astonishment which we experience when summer bursts upon us, we begin to plume ourselves, peacock-like, and strut about gaily with our fresh feathers. Of course, we constantly declare, as though proclaiming a profound discovery, that it is unbearably hot (we must have our grumble); but we grow accustomed to it, and, on the whole, enjoy it, especially in the country. Then and there it is that the Englishman truly finds the solace of summer—that solace to his mind and health for his body which the breathing of pure air and the perpetual contemplation of the beauties of Nature afford. It is only because he is not at once prepared or able to respond to the command which the brevity of the season gives him to make the most of it, that leads him to hesitate to say that he likes it. For, judging ourselves by others, it may be fairly asked, Are there any people more keenly alive to the charms of fine scenery than the English? Nor is their admiration confined to this. Their love for the simplest landscape, the simplest kind of country beauty, affects them equally with the grandest or most stupendous aspects which Nature can present. Many there are, indeed, who will honestly declare that pure English landscape yields them more sincere gratification than any other combination of natural objects. The woodlands and the meadows, the gently undulating lands, the slow flowing rivers and streams, the quiet country lanes, the cornfields, the homely farmsteads, the rural villages, with their thatched cottages, quaintly gabled and chimney stacked, the grey-towered church or tapering spire, peeping out from amidst the clustering and ancient elms—these and the score of other familiar features of the English landscape offer more attraction to the majority of English men and women than do all the peaks, passes, and glaciers in the world. There is something in them consonant with the general tone of the average English mind; something more completely in harmony with the national love of home in these characteristics of our England.

Granting this, it necessarily follows that the summer is the season when they can be most fully enjoyed by people who have no especial pursuit to which the country alone lends itself. Thus it is that we find the average Briton is stirred with a desire to get out of town—to rush away to the pastures and greenery so amply provided by his native soil. The very contrast they present to his usual surroundings, and the brevity of the period vouchsafed for their enjoyment, should enhance the love for them. But to this end the heart and mind ought to be properly attuned. These organs must be brought into harmony with the quiet and simplicity which make the key-note of country sights and sounds. Approached in the right spirit, adult man, and especially an adult Englishman, will surely then find summer in the country afford him a solace for "the winter of his discontent." He will discover "the sweet of the year" all around him—literally so—for is there not the actual meadow-sweet, with the rest of the flowers, and active vegetation generally, sending up delicious odours in all directions? Not to mention the very definite one of the new-mown hay. The fragrance of the summer breezes, too, are not alone in their efforts to give a peaceful solatium. Eye and ear, no less than nostrils, come in for their share of pleasure and delight. The delight, to wit, of listening to lark or blackbird, thrush or cuckoo—not yet perhaps quite out of tune, although it be June—to cawing rook, bleating lamb, lowing herd, rippling stream, or gentle swishing wind, as it rustles the green corn, and sets the aspen quivering overhead; listening even to that silence which strikes upon the ear with a half sad, half pleasant, and most surprising force when once the mind is drawn towards it; listening, in a word, to "such sounds as make deep silence in the heart for Thought to do her part." It is at moments when all these simple joys can be embraced that the solace of summer is most exquisitely felt. They perhaps "are not worth an hour of rational conversation," as Sydney Smith declared; but they are, nevertheless, invaluable, if not infallible, agents of relief to the brain and body of toil-worn citizens of every degree.

W. W. F.

The auditors appointed to investigate the affairs of the Cardiff Savings Bank, which failed about two months ago, have presented their report, showing a deficit of £35,000, the whole of which sum was embezzled by the late actuary.

The annual meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society was held yesterday week at Bristol, Sir T. D. Acland presiding. The report of the council showed the continued prosperity of the society. The total number of members is now 1050. The council announced that they have accepted an invitation from Dorchester to hold the 1887 meeting there. The Earl of Ilchester has been elected president for the ensuing year.

## AN OLD AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The name of George Herbert, the sacred poet of "The Temple," has an enduring place in English literature, not only on account of what he did himself, but on account also of what Izaak Walton has done for him by his admirable biography. He was one of a large family, and apparently the only member of it who resembled his wise and pious mother—a woman, if Dr. Donne's panegyric may be credited, of extraordinary virtues. George had six brothers, whose course of life was characteristic of the age. Fighting was the principal profession of gentlemen, and Englishmen of fortune were willing to draw their swords in any quarrel. Richard, the second brother, "after he had been brought up in learning, went to the Low Countries, and as a reward for courage in warfare and for fighting duels," carried the scars of four-and-twenty wounds upon him to his grave. William Herbert, the next in age, also fought in the Low Countries, and showed the courage of his race by overcoming his adversary in a duel after his sword was broken. Charles died young, but not before he had given great hopes of himself every way; and George Herbert's two younger brothers, Henry and Thomas, appear, like their elders, to have fought much, and with great bravery.

The eldest brother of this ambitious family is, with the exception of the poet, by far the most distinguished, and his extraordinary autobiography, which has lately been reprinted, abounds in curious details, and is one of the most remarkable books of the kind which we possess in the language. Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born about the year 1583. His virtues, according to his own account, were throughout life surprising. Never once, he declares, was he known to tell a lie, even in his schoolboy days, which ended at the age of twelve, when the boy, after the custom of the times, was sent to Oxford. At fifteen, Edward's mother, with an eye to a great estate, proposed that he should marry a young lady of twenty-one. The offer was accepted, and the boy-husband returned to Oxford, after the marriage, with his wife and mother. While living at the University, he tells his readers that he learnt French, Spanish, and Italian without the aid of a master, and also acquired a knowledge of music. When the youth was about seventeen, "curiosity, rather than ambition," took him to Court, and "as," he writes, "it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence-chamber when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me, she stopped, and, swearing her usual oath, demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but no man knew me until Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the Queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The Queen here again looked attentively upon me, and, swearing again her ordinary oath said it is a pity he was married so young, and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek."

Like most gentlemen of fortune in that day, young Herbert did not consider his education finished until he had seen foreign countries; so, having obtained a reluctant consent from his wife, already the mother of several children, and also a license to go beyond sea, he set sail for France. And now his adventures began, and highly characteristic they are of that half-wise, half-foolish age. Herbert had been made a Knight of the Bath, and, therefore, seemed to consider himself bound to use his sword whenever he could pick up a quarrel. A young girl of ten, walking one evening in the meadows with several French gentlemen, one of them suddenly took a knot of ribbon from the child's head and fastened it to his hatband. The young lady asked Herbert to get the ribbon again; but the Frenchman, eluding his pursuer, turned back to the girl and gave her the knot. The next day Herbert commissioned a friend to tell the Frenchman "that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the ribbon or fight with me." A similar quarrel about a ribbon belonging to a maid of honour occurred at a later period in England. The offender, in this case, was a Scotch gentleman. "I caught him by the neck," writes Herbert, "and had almost thrown him down, when company came in and parted us. I offered likewise to fight with this gentleman, and came to the place appointed, by Hyde Park; but this was also interrupted by order of the Lords of the Council, and I never heard more of him." He relates these foolish quarrels to show how strictly he held himself to his oath of knighthood.

The reader will probably consider that the "occasions" of this knight errand were trivial enough. At a Court ball, in Paris, Herbert observed that the ladies doted upon a certain M. Baligny, who was neither handsome nor well dressed; and asking the reason for this preference, he learnt that Baligny was "one of the gallantest men in the world, having killed eight or nine men in single fight." This seems to have excited the Englishman's envy; and, meeting the valiant Baligny afterwards in the Low Countries, Herbert put him to what he calls a trial of daring by saying, in Quixote-like fashion, that if Baligny had a fair mistress, he would maintain that he had one still worthier, and would do as much for her sake as Baligny would for his, to which the Frenchman was sensible enough to reply that he had no mind to fight on that quarrel. Hereupon, says Herbert, "I, looking somewhat disdainfully on him, said he spoke more like a paillard than a cavalier." His valour, according to his own account, was equal to any knight of that age; and, indeed, there is a story of an attack made upon him near Charing-cross, in which he came out victorious against infinite odds that reads more like a romance of chivalry than a true narrative. We need not question Lord Herbert's courage, but there can be no doubt he was as vain as he was brave. He hints that some of the greatest ladies in the land were in love with him, and that even King James's Queen kept his portrait in her cabinet, which, he says, "gave occasion to those that saw it after her death of more discourse than I could have wished."

Herbert's ambition was not confined to love and war. He would fain also be a philosopher, and writing a book to prove that there has never been a Revelation from the Divine Being, states that he himself had a revelation to attest that fact. With his book in his hand he prayed for a sign from Heaven, and "I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth) which did so comfort and cheer me that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the Eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein; since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

Enough, perhaps, has been said of this eccentric man and of his singular autobiography. It assuredly does not bear out Ben Jonson's epithet on the author, whom he styles "all virtuous Herbert." The narrative represents his conduct, indeed, in the fairest colours; but his own admissions convict him of faults and follies which forbid us to say of Lord Herbert, as it might with truth be said of his poet brother, that he "wore the white flower of a blameless life."

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1878), with a codicil (dated Dec. 14, 1882), of General Sir Henry Dalrymple White, K.C.B., late of Marden Ash, Bournemouth, who died on March 27 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by the Rev. Adolphus Leighton White, the brother, General Charles Cameron Shute, C.B., and Martin Ridley Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £97,000. The testator gives his estate called High Mark, in the county of Wigton, the portrait of his father, and the silver cup presented to him by the Inniskilling Dragoons, and all the medals, orders, swords, and correspondence of himself and his late father, to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; the balance at his banker's, and the rest of his jewellery, books, pictures, furniture, effects, horses and carriages to his wife; any house of his she may select, or £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his two sons, Arthur Dalrymple White and Godfrey Dalrymple White, in equal shares; £2000 to his daughter, Maud Mary, in addition to the provision made for her by the settlement made on his first marriage; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons, in the proportions of three fifths to Arthur and two fifths to Godfrey.

The will (dated March 12, 1878) of Colonel the Hon. Walter Rodolph Trefusis, C.B., Scots Guards, late of No. 45, Prince's-gate, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 3 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Edward George Augustus Harcourt Moore and Herbert James Hope, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £83,000. The testator bequeaths his wines, books, pictures, plate, household furniture and effects, and £400, to his wife, Lady Mary Trefusis. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children, grand-children, or issue as she shall appoint. In the event of the failure of the said trust, the residue is to go to four of his sisters, being then spinsters, and to his youngest brother, the Hon. John Schomberg Trefusis.

The will (dated June 1, 1881) of Lady Louisa Cavendish, the widow of Lord George Henry Cavendish, late of No. 3, Belgrave-place, who died on March 10 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by James Charles Cavendish, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testatrix appoints certain trust funds, and also bequeaths all her stocks, shares, and securities, subject to the payment of two annuities, amounting together to £80, upon trust, for her daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Alice Louisa Egerton and Mrs. Susan Henrietta Brand; and there are also some specific bequests to them. The residue of her property she gives to her said son.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriff Court of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the will (dated July 17, 1885) of the Right Hon. Alexander Fraser, Lord Saltoun, of Philorth, in the county of Aberdeen, who died on Feb. 1 last, granted to Alexander William Frederick Fraser, Lord Saltoun, the son, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on the 5th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £23,000.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1886) of Sir Augustus Frederick George Douglas Webster, Bart., late of Hildon House, in the county of Southampton, who died on March 27 last, has been proved by Arthur Hepburn Hastie and Sir Augustus Frederick Walpole Edward Webster, Bart., the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £8000. The testator leaves his gold flute, plate, pictures and prints, to his eldest son; his horses and carriages to his wife, Dame Amelia Sophia Webster; his furniture, books, wines, liquors, and household effects to his wife, for life, and at her death to his then eldest surviving son; the money and securities for money in his house and at his banker's to his daughter, Amelia Sophia; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his eldest son.

The will, with two codicils, of Mr. Thomas Pennington, late of 22, Devonshire-road, and formerly of 59, Pembroke-place, Liverpool, M.R.C.S. and L.S.A., was proved on the 14th ult., at the Liverpool District Registry, by James Pegram and the Rev. John Smith, two of the executors, the personal estate being sworn to amount in value to upwards of £121,000. After providing for certain annuities and specific bequests (including local charities), the testator devises his real and bequeaths the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, as to the income, for his widow, Mrs. Jane Pennington; his sister, Sarah Sleddon; and three grand-children, John Reginald Richard Pennington, Thomas Robert Pennington, and Edith Sarah Bremner, in equal shares, with remainder in favour of the children of such grand-children.

The Irish Probate, sealed at Belfast, of the will (dated Jan. 25, 1869), with two codicils (dated Aug. 6, 1869, and March 13, 1875), of Mr. Conway Richard Dobbs, J.P., D.L., late of Castle Dobbs, in the county of Antrim, who died on Feb. 28 last, granted to Montague William Edward Dobbs, the son, the sole executor, has been resealed in London, the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £51,000. The testator makes provision for his three daughters, and gives the residue of his real and personal estate to his said son.

The will (dated May 17, 1882), with a codicil (dated June 4 following), of Mrs. Anna Maria Price, late of No. 33, Hyde Park-place, and of Heywood, Cobham, Surrey, who died on Feb. 24 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Philip Devereux Hickman and the Rev. Walter Richard Hickman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testatrix makes numerous pecuniary and specific bequests to relatives, servants, and others. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one fourth, upon trust, for the widow and children of Devereux Henry Hickman; and three fourths between Philip Devereux Hickman, the Rev. Walter Richard Hickman, and Robert John Hickman.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1885) of Mr. Edwin Bartlett, late of Herne-hill, grocer, who died on Jan. 1 last at No. 85, Claverton-street, Pimlico, was proved on the 12th ult. by Edward Negus Wood, one of the executors, a power being reserved of making the like grant to the Rev. George Dyson, the other executor, when he shall apply for the same. The gross value of the personal estate is sworn to amount to £3858 16s. 6d. The testator wills and bequeaths all his property, and everything he is possessed of, to his wife Adelaide, for her sole use.

On Monday the spring exhibition of water-colour paintings at the Corporation Picture Gallery, Brighton, was opened.

The second annual exhibition under the management of the Pug-dog Club was held at the close of last week, at the Royal Aquarium. The numerous prizes were closely contested.

At a meeting of the "Sette of Odd Volumes," held at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday, the librarian, Brother Quaritch, gave a discourse on "The Great Learned Societies, and the Printing Clubs of Great Britain and Ireland," illustrated by a collection of the publications of the societies and clubs. Brother George Clulow, the president, received the friends of the Sette at eight o'clock.





A TURF SECRET.

FROM A PICTURE BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



## THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

The extraordinary vitality of Mr. Baring Gould's story in the *Cornhill* is at length exhausted, though there seems no reason why it should not have gone on indefinitely. Lazarus perishes among his treasures, watched over by a black cat; Joanna becomes a great lady, and builds her greatness on the necks of humbled society; the ruined Duke subsides into a villa at Bigbury, "the climatic resort of the future." The whole strange phantasmagoria dissolves without leaving any permanent impression; but it has amused the public while it lasted, and this, no doubt, was all the author designed. "Jess," its successor, has two distinct elements—South African description, which is much to our taste, and a pessimistic flavour which is not to our taste at all. "The Wingham Case" is a good story. "Cas'alty Corner" is a vivid sketch, affording much matter for reflection; and "Boys' Blunders" is very amusing, not least for the writer's evident unconsciousness that it tells more against the masters than against the boys.

The *English Illustrated* relies chiefly on its illustrations, although "My Friend Jim" promises to prove a good novel. The letterpress of "In Umbria," however, is exceedingly well written, and the accompanying sketches are delightful, especially the view of Perugia, and the statue of Pope Julius III. "Yarmouth and the Broads" also has picturesque illustrations.

Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders" continues to constitute the chief feature of *Macmillan*. It is so far a quiet story, but full of feeling, which might itself be fancifully compared to a woodland for its stillness and apparent monotony, but actual subtlety and complexity. It is a good leisurely companion for the reader, and does not hurry him away. "The Second Part of Faust" is a sound criticism upon a work which has steadily been gaining ground, and, if still regarded as enigmatical, is no longer estimated as a feeble production. "Who Wrote Dickens?" is an amusing skit on the Bacon-Shakespeare craze, gravely identifying "Boz" with Herbert Spencer. "The Last Irish Parliament" sums up the history of that very discouraging experiment. "Mystery and Romance" contains brief but excellent remarks on "the rich and working presence of suggestion" in poetry, contrasted with the firmness of substance and definiteness of outline demanded by the canons of classical art.

There is little of interest in *Belgravia*. Time is mainly devoted to Home Rule, Socialism, and Orangeism; but the medley is entertaining. "Elizabeth's Fortune" continues to be the main feature of *London Society*. There is more variety in Miss Thomas's novel than in almost any other current story. Another remarkable contribution is the instalment of "Fortunes Made in Business," where, in the guise of a memoir of Mr. Richardson, of Bessbrook, an account is given of the extent of the Ulster linen manufacture, which goes far to explain the aversion of the men of Ulster to tampering with the Union.

*Longman's Magazine* has two contributions of exceptional merit—the continuation of Mr. Besant's "Children of Gibeon," which has a rare power of holding the reader's attention; and a beautifully finished poem on the story of Pan and Syrinx, resembling a canto of Morris's "Earthly Paradise," with reminiscences of Homer's "Hymn to Mercury," by "Caryl Battersby," a contributor to the last number. "Some Economics of Nature," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, is an agreeable scientific paper; and the final chapters of "An Autumn Holiday" conclude a very pretty story. Mr. J. A. Noble denies that the ordinary stage hypocrite exists in nature. It may be admitted that Joseph Surface is overdrawn; but how about Tartuffe?

The most important article in a good number of the *Fortnightly* is one by Mr. C. Waring, the eminent contractor, strongly advocating the purchase of railways by the State. Mr. Waring's arguments are strong from a commercial point of view, but he omits to notice the principal objection, the danger of intrusting any Government with the enormous patronage involved. Mr. Theodore Child's criticism on the London and Paris Exhibitions is fresh and original, a difficult achievement in pictorial aesthetics. It indicates a kind of constitutional affinity with Mr. Whistler's style of art, of which we are not surprised to find him an admirer. It was hardly worth Mr. W. L. Courtney's while to indite so meagre a critique on so rich a subject as George Meredith's novels. Dr. Parry has an interesting archaeological paper on Lycia; Mr. W. Archer declares that the age of dramatic adaptation from the French is past; and Miss Heather-Bigg gives, from personal inspection, a more favourable report of the female nail-workers than could have been anticipated.

The leading contribution to the *Contemporary Review* is Professor Max Müller's inaugural address as president of the Goethe Society, an admirable study of Goethe in one of his most characteristic aspects as a representative of the cosmopolitan idea in literature. The extracts from his recently discovered correspondence with Carlyle presage a highly interesting addition to Mr. Froude's volumes, where they are to be published. Mr. Holman Hunt's reminiscences of his career as a painter conclude with a pathetic, and from his point of view, very natural, complaint of the neglect and injustice he experienced. But does Mr. Hunt expect to be highly original and popular from the first? "In Osman Digna's Garden," by Phil. Robinson, proves that an observant man may find much to admire and enjoy in inhospitable Souakin. Mr. Samuel Smith's record of the reflections suggested by his visit to India affords much matter for thought; and Mr. Dale's objections to the exclusion of the Irish members are weighty and pithy.

The *Nineteenth Century* is not very interesting this month. The best articles are those on subjects on which the writers are authorities: Mr. Sully's essay on "Genius and Precocity," Mr. J. C. Robinson's discussion of the influence of light on water-colour paintings, and Mr. Godwin's restoration of the Greek house according to Homer. Mr. Swinburne ought to be an authority on Webster, but his systematic extravagance makes his essay very difficult reading.

The *National Review*, mainly absorbed by politics, contains nothing very readable except an excellent article on the pictures of the year, by Mr. Walter Williams.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* is in general very entertaining. Mr. H. S. Salt contributes an able critique of James Thomson, Mr. S. Baring-Gould an account of the wonder-working Prince Hohenlohe, and Madame Villari racy anecdotes of an anticlerical physician at Messina. "Jewel Lore," "Madame De Florac," and "Impressment and the Pressgang," are also very readable papers.

*Harper* concludes "King Arthur," continues "Springhaven," and has finely illustrated papers on the United States Navy, the sugar manufacture, and the mountain scenery of Cumberland Gap. The latter is excellently written as well as illustrated. The *Century* introduces the Thames between Chiswick and Putney to the American public with charming illustrations and capital letterpress, and publishes tempting specimens of the mass of Franklin's unpublished correspondence recently acquired by the American Government. There is also a most interesting account of the botanic garden of Harvard College. The Civil War literature of the month is devoted to the Antietam Creek Campaign. It seems to be

admitted on all hands that, with more energy, McClellan might have destroyed the Confederate army.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is an unusually good number. Miss Craddock has created quite a new genre for herself, and discovered a most happy hunting-ground among the primitive inhabitants of East Tennessee. Miss Preston gives a living portrait of the younger Pliny, and Mr. Parsons's article on Balzac is the most adequate and sympathetic that we can remember. "A Glimpse of 1786" is an interesting sketch of young America setting up for herself.

Mrs. Linton's and Mr. Norris's novels are continued in *Temple Bar*, which has also an amusing summary of the Court Chaplain's reminiscences of King Ernest of Hanover, and some bright and picturesque letters from America from the pen of Mr. Frederick Wedmore.

We have also received *The Theatre* (containing portraits of Miss Helen Forsyth in "Sophia" and Mr. Augustus Harris in "Human Nature"), *Familiar Wild Flowers*, Cassell's Magazine, *Good Words*, *The Quiver*, *Indian Magazine*, *Red Dragon*, *Argosy*, *Ladies' Treasury*, *Moniteur de la Mode*, *World of Fashion*, *La Saison*, *Le Pollet* (enlarged, and published fortnightly), *Gazette of Fashion*, *Army and Navy Magazine*, *Popular Gardening*, *Picturesque Europe*, *United Service Magazine*, *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, *Illustrations*, *Every Girl's Magazine*; first part of *Loose Rein*, by Wanderer, with illustrations by S. Bowers; *Eastward-Ho: Outing*, an illustrated monthly magazine of recreation; *Forum*, and others.

## NEW BOOKS.

"Infandum renovare dolorem" though it may be to turn over the pages of *Charles George Gordon*: by Henry William Gordon (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.); yet the sense of grief and of loss, even the feeling of resentment awakened by the memory of an unnecessary loss, will gradually fade away in contemplation of the extraordinary character revealed, of the noble nature presented to view. The career of the man, the great man, who forms the subject of the volume, has been described piecemeal in various publications, and with them it is necessary to be or to become acquainted before it is possible to fully appreciate the present work, which is professedly a supplement only. It is very fragmentary, consisting largely of extracts taken from letters, journals, newspapers, and speeches; but it contains certain new and curious pieces of information concerning both the boyhood and the manhood of Gordon, the somewhat wild and mischievous boy, and the very thoughtful, self-restraining, but enthusiastic and mystical senior. There is an index, which will be a great assistance to the reader; a very useful list of books referring to Gordon and his services; there are various maps and sketches to elucidate Gordon's movements in China and elsewhere; his views of administration in South Africa, his theories concerning the sites of divers places in the Holy Land, and other matters, including a sketch of the enemy's positions round Khartoum; and, above all, it contains a table of the chief events in Gordon's life, from his birth at Woolwich in 1833 to his most lamentable end in 1885. The author discusses the reasons for the failure of Gordon's mission, and concludes that "if General Gordon had gone up to Khartoum in December, 1883, before the Mahdi had had time to develop the results of his victory of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of November, matters would have turned out very differently." This is one person's judgment, and, in a certain sense, an interested person's; it must be taken for what it is worth; though it will probably—under the circumstances—command a very wide assent. The case was eminently one for application of the lines, "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

A pleasant little volume, full of more or less interesting gossip about more or less notable personages and more or less noteworthy matters, is *Reminiscences of an Attaché*: by Hubert E. H. Jerningham (William Blackwood and Sons), reprinted for the most part from "Maga." It is the lot of attachés to mix—sometimes at less than merely a respectful distance—with the most august and illustrious company; and the author of this little volume is no exception to the general rule. He speaks or writes as one having personal knowledge of Montalembert, Lacordaire, Alexandre Dumas the elder, Mrs. Norton (Caroline Norton), Countess Guiccioli, M. Thiers, Mr. Gladstone, Napoleon III., and the Empress Eugénie among others. It will astonish many readers to learn that the attaché formed a very low opinion of the Emperor's ability to converse in English. Some readers may think that the attaché himself sometimes writes rather queer English; but then, attachés have to be "up" in so many languages that they may well flounder about occasionally. Still (p. 93), the following would be a nice specimen to set before the children of a Board School, with a request to "explain and parse":—"The case was one which the people mostly interested were grateful for the part I had played in it." If this be not sheer "Gamp," then Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris must be placed in the same category.

The cause of Ireland is maintained with more zeal than sobriety or conclusive argument in *Le Réve de Paddy et Le Cauchemar de John Bull*: by H. Saint-Thomas (Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie), a fairly readable little book, written by a Frenchman, who apparently has Irish blood in his veins. He travelled in Ireland, liked the people he met (and who could help liking them?), listened to their conversation, read up those parts of their history which tell most against England, and not unnaturally came to the conclusion that Ireland ought to be perfectly independent of John Bull, who is a sanguinary, predatory, tyrannical, shop-keeping old scoundrel. It is Irish independence, of course, which is "Paddy's dream," and at the same time "John Bull's nightmare"; and it is quite intelligible and excusable that a Frenchman (who had an Irishman, too, for grandfather or ancestor, paternally or maternally) should see no difficulty—nothing but a deed of justice—about doing for Ireland exactly what the National League desires. In other respects the book is sane enough, and really entertaining and amusing in parts.

Some publications recommend themselves without extraneous assistance, when once their subject is known; and among such works should surely be included *Through the Kalahari Desert*: by G. A. Farini (Sampson Low and Co.); a large volume containing "a narrative of a journey with gun, camera, and note-book to Lake N'Gami and back." A journey "there and back," when the starting point is not mentioned, is a somewhat vague expression; and it may, therefore, be well to state at once that there is reason to consider Cape Town the place from which a start was made and to which a safe return was happily effected, although the author and his fellow-traveller (a photographer and portrait-painter, falsely called "Lulu," a pseudonym) were in America when they decided upon undertaking their adventurous trip, sailed thence to England, and then took their passage for Cape Town. The author appears to be an American, indeed, by nationality; and his book is written in the American style, smart, flippant, semi-humorous, altogether amusing. He gives a very bad opinion of the Boer, whom he describes as a "non-progressive, selfish, illiterate, English-hating hypocrite." He has a better account to give of the district

he visited, and underwent great hardship and even peril in visiting; for "so far as the future of the Kalahari—so-called Desert—is concerned," he says, "I can assert that it has before it in English hands almost, if not quite, as bright a future as Mr. Baden Powell anticipates for Bechuanaland. There are portraits of the author and of the artist (his companion); more than forty other (very effective) illustrations, a "plan of the Hundred Falls of the Orange River," a map of the author's route, an appendix devoted to an account of the flora, reptiles, insects, birds, mammalia, and geology of the Kalahari, a "table of distances," and—he it duly acknowledged—an index.

A book that should meet with general acceptance is *Warm Corners in Egypt*: by "One Who was in Them" (Remington and Co.); for it tells of occurrences which took place at a critical time in Cairo and Alexandria, in the Fayûm oasis, on the Nile, and in and about Suakin. Howbeit, the volume is not quite what might be expected from the title. The author does not seem to have been very prominently or even regularly engaged in the military operations, though he certainly appears to have done some good and some dangerous work in Egypt, about which country long residence enables him to speak with considerable personal knowledge and consequent authority. The narrative, however, lacks continuity and method; a very great deal of it is independent of times and seasons, and might refer to almost any period within modern recollection, as well as to the two or three years which began with the affair of Arabi and ended with the mission of Gordon. Nor is the levity of style to be commended; the matters of which the author treats are too grave and too distressing to be approached in the spirit of Joe Miller. Far too much space is occupied with facetious remarks about cursing and swearing, and to anecdotes bearing upon the same unprofitable theme. But for all this, there is in the volume a modicum of solid information combined with what is both interesting and amusing. There is a very graphic, an awfully graphic, description of the way in which the Egyptians treat (or treated two or three years ago) their glorious Nile, turning it into a means of propagating cholera and all sorts of pestilence.

A deeply interesting and instructive book is *Days and Nights of Service*: by Major E. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S. (John Murray), written under circumstances which (though the author, strangely enough, seems to think that they may tell against him in his literary capacity) give a special, almost an inestimable, value to the narrative. The contents, in fact, are based upon notes "written during the brief intervals of almost continuous duty"; that is to say, they form the most attractive, and certainly the most trustworthy and lifelike, record that readers can hope to obtain. "I have endeavoured to sketch in the following pages," says the author, "the events that both gladdened and saddened our lives during the brief Suakin Campaign of 1885, trusting that those English men and women who, perforce, have to sit at home at ease, may feel a kindly interest in knowing how the troops, who go out to fight for Queen and country, pass their days and nights on active service." His trust is not likely to be misplaced; that which he has sketched is just what all English men and women, whether at ease or not, are accustomed to take the very liveliest and kindest interest in. The extremely arduous duties performed by the author, who had to superintend the supply of water for Sir Gerald Graham's force, render his account all the more interesting. It can scarcely be necessary to point out that the campaign described was unique in one respect: it was the first in which "English, Australian, and Indian troops have met together in the common brotherhood of arms"; and that fact adds a touch of romance to the simple history. With the professional opinions expressed there is no occasion to meddle here; but they will, no doubt, be a bone of contention elsewhere. Most of us cannot bear to think, much less can we bear to talk, about "the Nile route," Berber, Suakin, and Khartoum; it makes us feel quite sick. One thing to rejoice over and not to regret we have learned, according to the author (who ought to know), from the late campaign in the Soudan: "that our young soldiers of to-day are fully equal in pluck and endurance to their glorious predecessors of sixty years ago"; and let that be our consolation. Let us hope, however, that they may not have to be tried in many such fruitless expeditions as this Egyptian business, in which Pindar's famous saying about water was fully justified; and the water cost just half-a-crown a gallon. The volume, it should be noted, has a few illustrations.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Toil and Rest," by Ernest Birch, is a very expressive song, in which a melody of genuine cantabile character is supported by a well-harmonised accompaniment. The sentimental style is well preserved without affectation. "From the Red Rose," song, by Mary Carmichael, has a very taking melody, simple, yet not commonplace, and the accompaniment shows thorough musical training. "Sleep and Rest," by Gustav Ernest, is by a young musician who has lately gained distinction as a composer and a pianist. The song now referred to, although unpretentious, has that distinctive touch which redeems simplicity from the commonplace. The melody is clear and rhythmical, and is well contrasted by the accompaniment. "In Gloria" is an impressive song in the sacred style, by C. Vincent. It has an appropriate hymn-like solemnity in accordance with the religious feeling of the words. "The Old Homestead," by A. H. Behrend, is a song of a sentimental kind that admits of much expression through the means of a pleasing melody that lies within easy compass. All these songs are published by Messrs J. and J. Hopkinson; from whom we have a melodious and graceful "Romanze" for the pianoforte by Gustav Ernest, and "Maiglöckchen," a characteristic gavotte for the pianoforte, by E. De Valmeney, who has well preserved the quaint style of the old dance form.

"Grand Mass in C," by P. Mazzoni (Hutchings and Romer). This work was first performed at the Italian Church, Hatting-garden, in June, 1883. It contains some effective music for four solo voices and chorus, and is now issued in cheap and handy form.

"Footprints of the Saviour" (J. Curwen and Sons) is a sacred cantata composed by Edmund Rogers, to words selected and arranged by H. Bertha Rogers. The work is divided into four parts, in each of which are pieces for solo voices and chorus. The solo portions are generally melodious, and the choral writing displays facility in that form of composition. Some chorales are effectively introduced in the three first parts of the cantata.

Mr. P. J. Hibbert has been appointed General Inspector of the Local Government Board, in the place of Mr. E. H. Wodehouse, promoted to an assistant secretaryship.

On the 3rd inst. the twin-screw torpedo cruiser *Cossack* was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Thomson, Clydebank, Glasgow. She is 240 ft. long, her engines are 3500-horse power, and she carries six guns.

The Richmond Select Vestry have decided to buy the Duke of Buccleuch's estate adjoining the Terrace for £30,000. The estate comprises eleven acres, and includes the Riverside Mansion and the noted Three Pigeons public-house.